TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Everlasting Summer---No. 8.

Montzorongo, the name of General Pacheco's hacienda, means "by mountains surrounded," and one could conceive of no better description of the luxuriant and picturesque valley. On an eminence nearly in the center of the valley the hotel stands, with a fine stone railway depot in front and beneath it, large offices to the left, and further down and across

THE MADDENING CROWD.

the railway a large fibre manufactory is nearly completed. A sugar refinery and distillery are in course of erection, and near the hotel is an electric light establishment, from which the hotel and the whole valley are illuminated at night. It looks odd to see the electric light in such an out-of-the-way place, and as its white rays are poured upon the long rows of jacals with their high conical roofs, thatched deep with grass, and revealing between the interstices of the walls groups of slumbering Indians, there is displayed a striking illustration of how modern ideas and a progressive spirit are illuminating the darkest corners of Mexico. General Pacheco took great pride in showing his family and friends the improvements he was making in the valley, which, altogether, will cost a couple of million dollars, including the railway; and as the hundreds of peons did him reverence I had an opportunity of studying the character of the man who is the greatest friend of foreigners and modern methods, in the Mexican Cabinet. For instance, during the heat, which was about ninety degrees in the shade, he took refuge in the primitive house of his *major domo*, a Mexican of the middle class, whose wife and daughters were exceedingly pretty and were as clean and tidy as the family of the most prosperous Canadian farmer. One of the ladies suggested to the general's servant that he go to the hotel and bring down some ice and wine and, without consulting his master, he did so. In the meantime, from the not very extensive resources of a jacal built of sugar cane and thatched with grass, they produced native wine and refreshments and were about to present them to the guests when the servant returned bearing the finer brands. With tact that could not have been surpassed, the general dismissed him with something more nearly approaching a reprimand than was heard all day, and the twenty-odd of us partook of the *major domo's* fare. Claret and lemon, with a little dash of cognac, no one could have asked anything nicer, and the look of gratified pride which shone in the faces of our entertainers proved how insulted they would have been if their entertainment had been put aside for foreign wines, and the good things which riches can procure. At night the *major domo*, his wife and daughters, sat at the general's dinner table and were entertained by the ladies of the household without any of the airs which would have been put on by the majority of people who live nearer Toronto. In very few countries are upper servants, indeed servants of every kind, treated with such scrupulous politeness as in Mexico.

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Despite the absence of two of his limbs the general was the head of the procession which visited the rivers and the pretty, old-fashioned bridge and the "big tree" covered with parasites. A guest given to botanical investigations stated that in a tree which had been cut down for his special benefit he

A SACRED SHRINE.

had discovered a hundred and three different varieties of vegetable parasites, nearly all of them of the flowering sort. A little river flows on each side of the eminence on which the hotel is situated, one at the base of each range of mountains. The general sent a military *attache* with my friends and myself to the junction of these two rivers in a dense tropical forest about half a mile away. It was a place of wondrous beauty. Enormous trees nearly met, not only over the single rivers, but over the wide and noisy stream which conveyed the waters of both further down the valley to a greater river which is navigable—thence to the gulf. The strong sunlight, though struggling through over-hanging boughs and vines and orchids which bloom a hundred feet from earth, was still bright enough for the purposes of photography where the two streams join forces and laughingly run down the mountain's base in the midst of an almost undisturbed wilderness. The district through which these rivers pass was to be the scene of the tiger hunt. Lions, tigers—of course, the lion and the tiger are not of the Asiatic variety but nearer in kind to the panther—deer, wolves, tapirs, foxes, coyotes, and all sorts of game are ready for the sportsman's rifle, the noise of which is heard so seldom that they are largely left to devour one another. The peons had cut roads extending some seven or eight miles around the favorite resorts of the larger game, for the use of the distinguished huntsmen who were to arrive ten days later. Without these roads it would be impossible to make any progress through the forest.

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Even at the confluence of these streams, amidst all this beauty, the faintest idea of which I must fail to convey, there was something disagreeable, and this something was the "jigger." Jigger is not a Mexican word; it is a south-western name for a little brute so small that it can scarcely be seen with the naked eye, but should it get on one's flesh and remain there undiscovered for a while, it will dig a hole and get right down under the skin and smart and fester in a way that, if there are many of them, will nearly drive one mad. When our military escort discovered a jigger operating on him he immediately started for home and advised us to do the same. I had been "jiggered" once before and knew what it meant, and as soon as we got away from the vicinity of the pest, which lingers on tall grass and vegetation in moist places, we hunted one another over and were fortunate enough to escape being bored into.

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There is only one train each way per day on the Cordoba and Agricola railway. It runs from Montzorongo in the morning and comes back at night, but on the day of which I write this train had been cancelled and the ordinary traveler was forced to wait till to-morrow. When the sun had ceased to be strong the general sent the ladies and the men who did not care to ride on horseback up the road, on this train. The rest of the party, mounted on horses and mules, took the bridle path beside the track, and we all had an opportunity of seeing the fields of sugar cane, fibre plant, the jungles of wild banana and the oceans of convolvulus, which covered bush and tree. The train went up the road some six or eight miles and gave those aboard of it a chance to inspect the large structure I spoke of in my last letter, which was nothing more than an enormous roof, covering a space about twice as large as that occupied by our drill shed. It had no sides and beneath the shelter probably three hundred people found an abiding place. I took a photograph of it. As usual, when I have a very fine subject, I had only one plate in my camera and was nervous and anxious to make the best possible use of it. I excited the wonderment of the natives by covering up my head and viewing them from various standpoints, and their mouths opened in astonishment when they saw the balance of the company rather amused at my eccentricities. If I had been alone I think they might have put me to death as a madman or wizard or hoodoo of some sort, but as it was, none of them moved and all watched my vagaries in open-mouthed wonder. I was probably the first camera fiend they had ever seen. Finally I got a good view and the sun, which had been behind the mountains, kindly peeped through a niche in the upper hills and flooded the jacal with that soft light which is so well adapted in the latter part of the day, for photographic purposes. The shadow of the big thatched roof scarcely overcast the faces but, in order to be sure of a good picture, I resolved on a time exposure, rested the camera on a stump which had not been removed from the interior of the building, arranged my focus and withdrew my head and glanced about, and saw everybody watching the performance with the greatest curiosity. I took off the cap to make the exposure, and before I could replace it a great big fat old hag got right in front of the machine and ruined the whole business. I shoved the cap on, closed up shop for the night, and said a lot of things nobody understood but which I thoroughly felt. The train went back to the road which had been cut through the forest and the horsemen were waiting for us there. General Pacheco, his intellectual face bright with excitement, then offered to escort us to the big tree, a road to which had been cut by his peons after nearly a week's labor. Some of the ladies, mounted on horses, gave us an exhibition of how gracefully a Mexican woman can adapt herself to a man's saddle and the hilarity of the circumstances which surrounded us. Mr. Lynch, who had ridden one of the horses up to that point, resigned in my favor, and the long procession of ladies and men, mounted and afoot, peons and soldiers, marched through that little ditch cut through the vegetation for half a mile, until we all sat

A SIESTA IN THE THEATER.

or stood beneath the wide-extending boughs of that giant of the forest.

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We have big trees out on the Pacific coast but we have nothing in Ontario which would give one an idea of that enormous specimen of what a tree can be if it tries. It was fifty-four feet in circumference and was about one hundred and fifty feet high. A tree similar in size and height had been cut to please the scientist of whom I spoke before, and to his surprise it was only forty years old, according to the rings in the wood. Speaking of how things grow in that country, railroad ties cut and hewed on two sides and left lying on the ground for six weeks often show sprouts from the sides on which the bark is left, twenty inches long. This luxuriance of growth is not altogether an argument in favor of the country, as is found when an effort is made to clear a piece of land. As fast as you destroy the old timber the underbrush takes its place, and by the time an acre is cleared you have to begin all over again. Yet after the soil is once cleaned one can grow anything to almost any size. The bole of the great tree had no branches until it was over one hundred feet from the ground, where immense lateral divisions left it inferior only, in size, to the trunk itself. These branches ran out almost horizontally, and from them hung a veil of vines which in many cases reached the earth. Every fork and crotch was filled with flowering parasites, many of which were enormous in size and vivid in coloring. I saw plants growing on those branches one hundred feet from the ground, which, even from where I sat on my horse, seemed to be five feet in height, and great green leaves hung over the giant arms which must have been a square yard in size.

Some of the military escort cut with their swords, great vines which ran water in streams, sufficient to fill a tumbler in a minute. Travelers in this jungle rely upon these for drinking water, which is as clear and tasteless as that from a mountain brook. It was a charming company and a delightful trip. After the ladies were again seated in the train we rode back to the hotel in the deepening dusk, and all the joy which comes from being astride a good horse amidst wildly romantic surroundings, was mine. We raced with the train, but of course were beaten. We galloped through mud and rose bushes, and were bespattered with mire and besprinkled with the petals of such fragrant flowers as in the north are only found as rarities in hothouses; the night breeze was heavy with the breath of odorous shrubs and millions of modest flowers, with the scent of cedar and the pungent smoke from fallow fires, and I was supremely happy, and it seemed to me supremely blessed, in having lived that twilight hour in Mexico.

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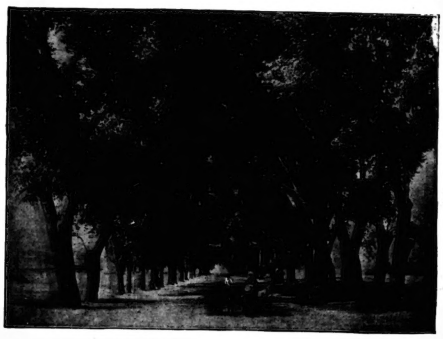
A Pullman car had been brought down to Montzorongo for the general's use, and we slept in it that night to avoid the disturbance of early rising which would be required in the morning. Before retiring we held council as to whether or not we ought to try to pay our bill at the hotel. It had been pretty plainly intimated to us that we were considered guests of the general, but lest we might make a mistake, I as delicately as possible asked the lady who has the hotel in charge, how much our bill would be. It was a bad break, still one which it seemed to me had to be made. She looked surprised and said of course it was nothing, that we were the friends of General Pacheco. I explained that our visit was accidental, but she smiled and said that was not the way they did things in Mexico when I intimated that we had expected to pay for our entertainment. We individually endeavored to leave some money with the servants who religiously refused to receive a tip. Next morning



A STREET IN CHIHUAHUA.

when we arrived at Cordoba and after we had had breakfast, Mrs. Don thought she would like some oranges. I was detected by the general's secretary in the act of trying to buy them, and he at once purchased a basketful and handed them to me. I believe if I had tried to buy a house and lot our entertainers would have felt it their duty to pay for it, and I refrained from ever looking at or pricing anything thereafter. When you are the guest of a Mexican gentleman and admire anything that is his, he at once tells you that it is yours. Of course when it is any thing valuable one must refuse it, but you can't look longingly at anything without having it presented to you, and this—to us matter-of-fact Canadians—is a very embarrassing thing.

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The day was fine and the view we had from Maltrata to Boca del Monte was magnificent as we ascended the mountains from the little town in the valley, crept about their rugged sides and along the edge of precipices which in some places were nearly two thousand feet high. The little valley beneath us looked like a checker board. The wee town, with its red-tiled roofs, was never out of sight as for twelve or fifteen miles we went up and along the mountain range which has to be crossed on the road to the City of Mexico. You can imagine the beauty and grandeur of the scenery when I tell you that we rose nearly twenty-five hundred feet in fifteen miles. At Esperanza a magnificent dinner awaited us, the general still insisting on being our host, and everywhere all the trains waited any length of time necessary for the general's comfort and the people thronged about the station and peered into the carriage to get a view of their hero. After we left Esperanza the dust was something terrible, and when we got to the junction with the road which leads to Puebla, a breath of air in which dust was not mixed at the rate of seventy-five per cent. of dirt, was a luxury. There we bade farewell to the pleasant crowd of Mexican gentlemen who had been with us, each of them assuring us that when we came to the city his house must be our home.

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The ride to Puebla is only a couple of hours but it is dust nearly all the way. There is fine water power on the road and several extensive mills were passed. At Santa Ana, the great cane market of Mexico, the Q C. and I laid in a fresh stock of walking sticks of all shapes and colors. For these sticks the vendors ask high prices on the start, generally beginning at about two dollars, finally selling them for from twelve and a half to fifty cents. Puebla is the second city of Mexico in size and importance. It is the capital of the clerical party and is famed for its churches and adherence to what in Mexico, is the lost cause—church rule. The streets are regular and the buildings attractive; the hotels are numerous and, as a rule, not very good. The chief attractions are the pyramid, a few miles distant, and the cathedral which, though not so large as the one in Mexico City, is much more tasteful, and does not tire the eye with its gaudy gorgeousness. We attended mass

AN OLD BRIDGE

and heard a voice in the choir which would arrest the attention of the dullest ear. Its compass was unusual, the volume of sound rolling through the vast edifice, and soaring like the high notes of a thrush through the dome of white and gold. It was the voice of a boy, and the impressario who secures him will make a fortune, for it was a

voice such as I never heard before and I doubt if its like has ever been heard in Canada. One of the features of the cathedral is a glass coffin in which a wax image of the crucified Saviour is exhibited. It is a dreadful thing to look upon, the crown of thorns and the wounds being too realistic to be forgotten. We climbed the lofty tower and looked out over the city, saw the mountains afar off, Orizaba of course being the center piece, the Woman in White lying in her frigid couch of snow on the next loftiest peak. The Woman in White reminds me of the Sleeping Indian near Port Arthur, only it is a much better resemblance of a recumbent woman than our northern peak is of a sleeping Indian. There is a legend about the woman who lies there in her shroud of white, her face upturned to the sky, which I may tell later on. On the other side of the mountain the picture is not so good nor the suggestion so romantic, as the Q. C. and I decided it looked more like a starved cow snowed in beside an icy straw stack, than anything else. Out by the pyramid one may pick up evidences of having been there and indulge in speculations as to the people long passed away who labored in building it, but I had had enough pyramid in mine and had seen sun gods and water gods and relics to my entire satisfaction, so I stayed away and Sunday night started for the City of Mexico, leaving the hotels at Pueblo crowded with American tourists who had come down on an excursion. I wonder at people traveling that way, rushing about from place to place unable to see anything leisurely or to thoroughly comprehend the meaning of anything they do see. To such excursionists the Mexican people doubtless seem a nation of masqueraders and beggars, the inner arcana of their semi-tropical life not being revealed, for they don't eat the highly spiced food long enough to understand Mexican cooking, don't drink tequila long enough to know that it is a good deal more wholesome than imported liquors, and don't sleep on the hard beds often enough to learn that in a hot country such a bed is less heating and enervating than a softer one, don't in fact appreciate the fact that the Mexicans know very well how to live and have not near as much to learn as a stranger imagines when first he visits them.

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However, it was a great comfort to be back at Hotel Jardin in the City of Mexico and from there as our point of view, next week I will write the final letter of this series, reserving to myself—when you have gotten over the fatigue of reading so much about my trip—the privilege of breaking in now and then with special articles concerning special phases of life in the southern republic. DON.

Around Town.

A sample of how we sometimes pass over the merits of local discoverers while eager to herald novelties of which we hear from afar, is afforded by the amount of publicity given to Dr. Armand Jeannoutot, who is rivaling Dr. Koch with his cure for consumption. All the city papers had nearly a column descriptive of his method, which, as a matter of fact, has been in use in Toronto for some time, Dr. C. L. Coulter having invented a vaporizer and inhaler specially to convey the medicated vapor into the respiratory organs. This was patented last year and is in use by the leading physicians of the city, who have almost unanimously awarded it the highest praise. The Canada *Lancet* has this month an article speaking of the instrument, and Dr. Coulter's prescriptions, containing identically the same materials which Dr. Jeannoutot uses, were published early last fall. Thus we find that a Canadian physician has preceded the Frenchman in his discovery. On the principle that a man is not without honor save in his own country, no notice was taken of it. Physicians are very much down upon advertising themselves and their medicines. No doubt this is largely the reason that so little was made of it, but it is certainly due to Canadians that the Canadian press should now give Dr. Coulter some of the honor which they were so ready to heap upon a stranger.

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I understand the High School Board is being asked to appoint an outsider to the headmastership of their new school. If they do so they will be making a great mistake. If our Collegiate Institute has not developed a suitable master for the new school, there must be something radically wrong with it. The majority of the people I think are with me in the idea that it has an assistant master who, in point of executive ability and scholarly attainments, stands head and shoulders above the outsider; but the same principle which leads many people to look for an imported professor for the University, leads Toronto as a city to look outside for able teachers. I believe in a city living within itself more than this if it can do so without sacrificing the good of its educational institutions, and those members of the School Board who are ignoring the system of promotion should be aware, if they are not, that their action will do much to discourage our teachers. If the prizes that we have to offer in the teaching profession—and they are not numerous—are given to those who have no claim upon us, we cannot expect loyal and faithful service, but must look for the ephemeral, spiritless teacher who uses the profession merely as a stepping-stone. This will long be true of country places, where the lad, ambitious to become a doctor or a lawyer, earns a little money by teaching for a season, but it should not be the record of a city so great as Toronto and having so many supremely good educational institutions of its own.

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No contest, no crisis in the history of Canada, within the memory of the younger generation, has exceeded in gravity the one through which we have just passed, and we have reason to be thankful that it has been passed in safety. That the Government's majority was somewhat reduced, I believe was not due so much to a lack of patriotism in the people, who could not have properly considered the issues at stake or their verdict had been more nearly unanimous, but that there has been developed amongst the minority an almost fanatical hatred of Sir John, and anything to beat the Old Man was a good enough battle-cry for many of the old Liberals who had been scarred by so many defeats. The farmers had to a certain extent a sordid motive, but that it influenced them to so small an extent is creditable alike to their head and their heart. There was little hope in a campaign fought with exceeding bitterness of changing the politics of the old men, more than half of whom regard Sir John as the greatest statesman that Canada has ever produced, many of them as unreasoning in their love for him as the minority are unreasonable in their hate. Those who have not passed through any great crisis in the history of this young country it must be believed, were sorely lacking in sentiment, though it is pleasant to know that the experience of all the Conservative speakers has been that the youth of the land were more enthusiastic in their patriotism. The lesson of the campaign is that sentimentally the Canadian youth must be taught the patriotism which has been greatly neglected in the past, and that England must do something to appeal to those materialistic citizens who demand favors to compensate for their allegiance.

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Sentimentally, Canada has shown herself to be weaker than a nation should be. This will have its effect in the treatment we will receive from the United States. Uncle Jonathan, imagining that nothing more than a little whipping is necessary to bring this country into his arms, we may expect our republican neighbors to believe that we will not resent coercive measures, and they will continue to urge the Washington government to stop our bonding privileges and to embarrass our commerce as greatly as possible. On the other hand, England will see with a certain amount of dismay with what a slight tie this great and valuable colony is held within the empire. Nor can it be altogether regretted that such positive proof has been afforded the Motherland, that unless she favors her children commercially they will be prone to discriminate against her when temptation arises. That we are absolutely necessary to the greatness of the empire, goes without saying; that the empire must recognize this fact and the danger which threatens, no doubt will tend to a readjustment of the colonial relations with the Mother Land, and Imperial Federation, which is the solution of our present difficulties, will hereafter find advocates where heretofore it found opponents.

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Canadians, too, will recognize that what was little better than treason having been so popular, we must set our house in order or national disaster must be the result. The training of our youth must be given a patriotic direction, the greatness of our possibilities must be realized by the people and the hope of having a share in the management of the empire to which we belong, must be awakened.

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Toronto, with the magnificent majorities she gave to those who advocated a patriotic and Canadian policy, must insist that she have a greater share in the parliament which controls the affairs of this country. With majorities almost as great as the whole vote which elected members elsewhere, she has demonstrated not only her patriotism, but her size; and where we have three members now we must demand six, for if the cities don't have a fair representation in parliament the envy and misdirected self-interest of rural constituencies will always endanger the prosperity of those localities where capital is invested and where industrial enterprises are centered. This fact must be recognized by the authorities and the government cannot evade the responsibility of further withholding the representation which belongs to us.

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Now that the elections are over let us have peace and no more politics, but let it not be forgotten that while Toronto, by majorities unequalled elsewhere, has supported the government, that we shouldn't expect the government not to treat us as they have in the past, when they evidently considered us as too safe and too enthusiastic to need any attention. DON.

Social and Personal.

To my mind there are four divisions of society during Lent, and I have failed, after careful inquiry, to make another division or to lessen the number. There are, first, the really devout, who believe it is right to abstain from all amusement, and do it. Others are socially inert only because it is considered proper, and they manage to fill the days and nights with pleasures in half-mourning—pleasures which, were the sentimental halo removed from them, would be called lively dissipation. Then I find people who are gay without any restraint of purple and half light, yet keep their little functions confined to the daring few and preserve a discreet silence as far as Madame Grundy and the World's wife are concerned. Lastly, is the irrepressible merry maker, who doesn't keep Lent and says so with unmistakable emphasis.

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So, considering this, Lent is not as quiet as some of the more rigorous would have it. Society does move—rather slowly, of course, but still we hear of dinners and teas and musicales. Lent does not materially lessen the round of small functions, but when politics puts its maddening hand upon the brains of men, then indeed dress suits grow dusty and small talk is forgotten. Pretty girls must take second place, and the faithful six continue to heavily on the young man's heart. Now that it is over, we shall hear more of Mr. This and That at dinner and dance, and less of a "splendid speech," "canvassing all day," "tired with political worry," and "I wonder how he will vote?"

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A very pleasant social gathering met at the residence of Dr. Noxon, 344 Bathurst street, on Tuesday evening, March 3. Among the guests were Mr. C. Neil, Mr. A. Parr, Miss Walker, Miss Hambly, Miss Palmer, Mr. E. Walker, Dr. Stacey, Miss Hamilton, Mr. G. Sharkey, Miss McLean, Mr. T. Lucas, Mr. M. McLean, the Misses Robinson, Mr. H. E. Simpson, Mr. Robinson, Miss Kleiser, Miss Millen, Mr. J. Deekes, Mr. L. Auston, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Chambers, Miss M. Fraleigh of Picton, Mr. Acheson of Goderich, Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Smith, and Mrs. D. Dingman. Amusements of various kinds kept the company pleasantly engaged. Supper was served at 11:30. Miss Noxon assisted by Miss Barker of Picton, who is spending the winter with her, were indefatigable in their efforts to entertain their guests.

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Mrs. Thos. Allison gave afternoon tea to her friends on Wednesday.

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The Misses Alexander gave a parlor comedietta entitled Sierra last evening in McBean's Hall. The event took place too late for an extended notice in this column.

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Miss Small gave another of her delightful teas on Thursday afternoon of last week. Among those who accepted Miss Small's hospitality were the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Gamble, Miss Grimshaw, Miss Cassell, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Stewart Morrison, Miss Snelling and Col. and Mrs. Sweny.

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Miss Mickle gave afternoon tea on Thursday at her residence in the Park.

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Miss Wilson of St. George street entertained friends at tea on Thursday afternoon.

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Mrs. Walter Barwick gave an enjoyable tea last Friday afternoon. Among those present were: Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Bristol, Miss Dawson, Mrs. James Crowther, the Misses Seymour, Mrs. Brouse, Miss Rutherford, Mr. Matthews, Mr. J. D. Hay, Mr. Wyatt, Miss Small, Mr. J. Small, Miss Lena Cawthra, Miss Mills, Mr. Spratt, Mr. Stimson, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Miss Walker, Mrs. Cecil Gibson and Miss Arthurs.

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Mrs. Arkle of The Priory, Esther street, gave afternoon tea last Tuesday.

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Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson entertained a number of friends at a progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening.

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A new departure was made in Hamilton last week when Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity University delivered his celebrated lecture on Kingsley's Water Babies on Saturday afternoon at Kenwood Lodge, the residence of Mr. W. F. Burton, before a large, appreciative, and intellectual gathering. The bishop of Niagara was chairman with his customary success. The proceeds of the collection we understand are for some local Hospital for incurables. The learned lecturer was listened to with great pleasure, and he, as well as the host and hostess, was the recipient of very complimentary and deservedly sincere thanks.

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On Friday evening of last week a very pleasant progressive euchre party was given by Mrs. William Armstrong of Esther street.

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On Saturday afternoon last Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge at their residence Roselea gave a very enjoyable At Home to large number of their friends.

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Mr. Frank Cockburn of Texas is the guest of his sister, Mrs. W. D. Gwynne of Prince Arthur avenue.

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Mrs. A. M. Cosby entertained a number of friends at five o'clock tea at her handsome residence, Maplehyrn, on Thursday of last week. Among the many present were Mrs. Tait, Mr. Bertram, Miss Charles Byerson, Mrs. Arkle, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. Temple, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. H. Moffatt, the Misses Rutherford, Mrs. Baines, Mrs. Arthur Grassett, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mrs. W. Brouse, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Arthurs, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Armour and Mrs. Cox.

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Mrs. Malcolm G. Cameron of Huron street gave a large At Home on Thursday, of which I shall write more next week.

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Messrs. James and H. P. Blackey of Cecil street leave on Wednesday next for a two months' trip to Europe.

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Miss C. Seymour of St. Catherines is the guest of Mrs. Colin Stalker of Augusta avenue.

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Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson welcomed a large number of friends to an At Home on Saturday of last week. Among the many present were: Mrs. William Mulock, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Grafton, Mrs. Lowrie Armstrong, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Milligan, Mrs. Drayton, Miss Jarvis, Mr. Jarvis, Mrs. Willie Brouse, Miss Hirschfelder, Mr. Hirschfelder, Mr. Cockburn, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. Beatty, Mr. McMahon, Mr. Minty and Mr. Colthard.

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Mrs. James Massey welcomed guests to a splendid dance on Thursday of last week. The dancing room was perfectly prepared, and the house was decorated throughout with roses, azealas, ferns, lilies and palms. Mrs. Massey's gown was a handsomely fashioned one of black merveilleux, while her two daughters who assisted in receiving and entertaining the guests wore black lace and crimson flowers and terra cotta and cream India silk respectively.

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Mrs. Bignell of Beverley street gave a charming musicale on Wednesday evening last, in honor of Mrs. Hugh MacIntosh, who has recently made Toronto her home. About fifty were present, among whom I noticed Mrs. Alan Aylesworth, who wore a beautiful gown of cream silk brocaded with pale pink flowers, with trimmings of gobelin blue faille; Mrs. Maurice Macfarlane, a strawberry bengaline; Mrs. MacIntosh, a dainty gown of Nile green and pale pink brocade *a l' Empire;* Miss MacMahon, black polka dotted fish net over Venetian red silk; Mrs. Bignell, a dainty French gown of India silk. Among others present were the Misses Scott, Mr. Thomas Scott, Miss Minty, Mr. George Minty, the Misses Kirkpatrick, Miss Gordon, Miss MacDonell of Brocton, Miss Nelles, Miss Aylesworth, Miss Grange, Miss Towner, Miss Stainers and Messrs. Hirschfelder, Arthur Brown, Fred MacMahon, Cameron, Dr. Hartley Robinson, Douglas, C. Ross, Piddington, Marsack, MacIntosh, Minty, Wilson, Gillespie, G. B. Ball and Smellie. After a most enjoyable programme, dancing proved an irresistible attraction to nearly all those present.

* * *

Le succes des soirees francaises va toujours grandissant. Il y a quinze jours le reunion a en lieu chez Mde. Taylor, Rue Jarvis, et Samedi, les invites etaient convies a la maison du Dr. Graham, Rue Gerrard. Il est difficile de dire quelle etait la soiree la plus charmante. A la premiere soiree, Mde. Denison a lu un "Conte de Noel," a la deuxieme, Rev. Septimus Jones a donne lectures d'un conte raressant de Jacques Normant. Les deux lecteurs se sont tires a merveille—on a joue des charades en francais a la satisfaction generale. M. Georges Coutellier a bien voulu chanter quelques morceaux francais. Parmi les personnes present nous pouvons citer. Mesdames Carveth, McDonald, Taylor, Graham, Square, Fox, Ross Robertson, Holland, Savigney, Wyld-Smith, Bourlier, et Denison. Miles. McMahon, Hamilton, Ellis-Trotter, McKim, Rogers, Owen-Graham, Langlois, Lathing, Taylor, Jones, Martin, Brown, et Higman. Messieurs Septimus Jones, Bourlier, Bacque, Coutellier, Friedewald, Mason, Rogers, Forster, Rowan, Dr. Smith, Dr. Graham, Catto, Meyer, Prof. Square et quelques autres dont les noms nous echappent.

* * *

On Friday evening of last week the Presbyterian Ladies' College gave their first annual At Home. Very neat cards of invitation had been issued to the friends of the students at a distance, as well as to their numerous friends in the city. The card also outlined a varied programme carefully prepared for the enjoyment of the large assemblage of youth and beauty gathered together. The first hour was given to the reception of the guests, a reading from She Stoops to Conquer by Dr. Macintyre, and musical selections from the Misses Thomas, Walker, Houlston, Dunning and Richardson. At nine o'clock the large lecture rooms, with their attractive decorations, were thrown open and the hour was monopolized by those who wished to participate in the dance. The dining room, with its dainty and tempting viands, came in for its share of attention during the last hour. The programme for the whole evening seemed to have kept in view a special fitness and appropriateness for the social training so indispensable in every young lady's education. The drawing-rooms and parlors were tastefully decorated with varied plants and flowers, and with the charming music there was nothing wanting to make the evening a most auspicious one in the history of this young institution. The hostesses were Mrs. Macintyre, Miss C. Alice Cameron, B.A., Miss Tillie Corby and Miss Ida V. Caldwell, and they are to be congratulated upon the decided success that attended their efforts in seeking to provide their guests with an enjoyable evening. A feature worthy of notice, without entering into particulars, was the excellent taste displayed by the young ladies in the matter of dress. The majority of the ladies wore light shades, and the beautiful blending of the varied tints worn by some sixty or seventy young ladies produced a very pleasant scene. At eleven o'clock the orchestra struck the familiar air of Auld Lang Syne and the happy company dispersed, well pleased with the evening's entertainment and with a wish for a repetition of the enjoyment.

* * *

On Thursday of last week the druggists welcomed their friends to an At Home in Harry Webb's. The assembly rooms looked well, and I heard a delighted dancer speak with great enthusiasm of the floor and the excellent arrangments rezarding supper. A musical programme occupied the earlier part of the evening, and then the company changed from a decorous audience to a madly merry throng of joyous dancers. The druggists should be well pleased with their success, and pay due honor to the efforts of Messrs. G. J. Little, J. A. Gibbons, A. E. Kennedy, R. W. Campbell, C. D. Daniel, W. A. Hargraves, J. H. Mackenzie, S. Hollingworth, F. W. Flett, Wm. Munchison, Dr. Q. Bentley, A. E. Fawcett, W. H. Scripture and A. M. Wright who formed the committee.

From the Dumbarton *Herald* I learn of a marriage which will interest many of the people of Toronto. The bride is a Torontonian by birth, Miss Maude Robertson, daughter of the late Charles Robertson, who was for many years the manager of the Toronto Freehold Loan and Savings' Company. The groom is Mr. Charles Andrew M'Nairy, chief constable of Dunbartonshire, Scotland. The ceremony took place on February 3 in the Aberdeen Cathedral, and was performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Smith, bishop of Dunkeld, and Rev. Dr. Fraser, professor of Blairs, while a telegram bestowing the Pope's blessing was received at the conclusion. The guests were entertained at luncheon at the Imperial Hotel by Miss Gordon, the nearest relative of the bride in Scotland. The chief constable was honored some time previously by a banquet tendered by his friends in the county, and with elegant wedding gifts from the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family.

* * *

Maritana Club, organized by a number of professional and business men for social enjoyment, held its second At Home in Webb's parlors on Friday evening of last week. There were about a hundred and fifty present, and the evening was devoted to dancing, under the most delightful of circumstances. Good music, excellent arrangements and a host of young people bent on enjoyment made the evening one of unqualified success. The committee comprised the following gentlemen: Messrs. Williams White, J. A. McDougall, F. J. Climo, H. P. Redway, H. F. Smyth, C. W. Bedson, J. B. Easson, D. Fleming, E. H. Redway, S. T. Britten and G. P. Sharkey.

Willing to Oblige.

Mr. John E. Gett (at an amateur musicale)—What's he singing?

Miss Van Clef—Let Me Like a Soldier Die.

Mr. Gett—If I had my gun with me he should be gratified!—*Puck.*

An Unanswered Query.

Did they write Hog Latin with a pig pen?

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Nowadays.

Master De Wilbee Riche—Nurse! who was xat lady wiv xe doz, xat tissed me dus' now!

Nurse—Why, dear, that was your mama!

Boudoir Gossip.

ONE cannot make a great deal out of feet, as seen in the conventional foot-gear, even that which we are pleased to call common sense. Feet look too much alike, and it is our own fault, for we each try to get our pedal extremities into shoes which were made by some one who had no opportunity of studying the peculiarities of our construction. There is no question about ordered boots being best. They are, most emphatically. Feet were made to walk with—not for bric-a-brac, and some women and a good many men seem to forget this incontestable fact. They dress their feet in shoes which would be a good protection against dust or any draught which might blow through an open window, but which are most certainly not calculated to protect feet from the chill of stone pavements or Canadian rain and snow.

Size is another important consideration. Since feet are made for getting about with, and some of us cannot afford carriages, should we not keep our means of locomotion vigorous? Feet which are carefully fitted with sensible shoes should not be bunches of tormented, red flesh, with various unsightly additions to their size and sensitiveness. We cannot understand the Chinese foot-bandaging, and we say: "Isn't it dreadful!" but we go on squeezing moderately large feet into delicately dainty shoes. Not many women can find pleasure in looking at their bare feet. There is not, as a rule, much delicacy of tint or beauty of contour about the poor flabby things, with more atrophied muscles than they have toes. I am not talking to women alone, for I know a good many men who punctuate their conversation with a groan each time they step unwarily or are stepped on in a crowd.

We seldom see the arched insteps and dainty ankles which are so truly beautiful, and while we are not directly responsible for our flat-footedness or scrawniness, we are responsible for the absence of muscle on our insteps. If the toes have room to spread apart as we walk, and if we have sufficient power over them to move them, the instep will have a rounded muscular coating which will vastly improve its looks.

Little tricks of walking spoil the shape of our shoes too. We all know the old adage: "Wear at the toe, spend as you go," having heard it in that dear childhood, sacred to torn frocks and gaping shoes.

Connie Gilchrist the famous model of the London Academy had a perfect foot. To untaught eyes, it is a marvellous one, for the instep rounds with a full sweeping curve, which we would not dream of possessing. The toes lie straight, perfect in their formation, the great toe being in a line with the foot and not bent towards the smallest one. The second one is considerably longer than the great toe and rests freely upon the ground.

We quickly grow to identify the footsteps of those we know. It is seldom that the lazy little school boy is not shrewd enough to recognize the master's step, and rebellious youngsters will become strangely docile when their cunning little ears tell them that father is coming.

We can distinguish the baby's unsteady steps, the restless patter of the wee maiden, the thoughtless tramp of the schoolboy, the brisk step of the energetic man, and the lazy, halting sound of the idler's indecisive feet.

The cautious, guarded step belongs to the shrewd, the suspicious and the treacherous. The heavy, quick, noisy tramp is a signal for the entrance of the blustering, loud-voiced, good-hearted man, who wins people by his sincerity and estranges them by his want of tact.

The halting step with a great deal of quiet toe about it, always reminds me of a child whom an old lady regarded as a tell-tale, and who was she said "allus snoopin' raound."

Sunday morning noises are very peculiar ones around where I live. I have not had an opportunity of listening to them until last Sunday, because on other First Day mornings I was busily occupied in augmenting the noise. This morning I was still and endeavoring not to listen, but I could not prevent myself and and finally I became interested.

A smothered argument from the house on my left mingled with a few bars of sacred music sung by the householder on my right. A hurrying man in the room south was flinging boots about and opening and closing the drawers of his dresser. A woman's hasty steps in squeaky shoes were on the floor side of my ceiling, and an anxious voice was beseeching some one at the other end of a telephone to "hurry up." Little feet pattered, and big feet tramped up and down stairs in the next house, the carriages rolled by, doors opened and shut and then, by and by, the church bells played breakfast music.

A man who is called a philosopher of clothes, and who speaks of art in a knowing way, says that in every work of art there must be a point of rest. Upon this all other details are founded. They follow the law of color, suitability or material laid down by the prominent point. In a man's attire this starting point should be the neck wear. I believe it, and my opinion is based on observations of men and their neckties. Girls, look around and notice. You will find that a man with a tie that is neither too gaudy nor too sombre, too elaborate nor too plain is the nicest dressed man about. If the tie is stiff, he looks stiff. I cannot see why men do not all wear those pretty, soft, artist ties. They relieve the awful marble wall appearance of slippery collars and looking-glass shirt fronts.

It is not long ago that the "Preacher" who, by the way, is not a preacher, gave me his idea of wedding gifts. He was not just decided in his own mind, whether he would some day in the future, use his influence to have "no presents," upon the invitations for his wedding or not. He did sometimes think he would like to "get back" at all the people who had gone to housekeeping partly at his expense. His remarks set me thinking of the beginning of the evil.

A long time ago, when young folks had learned the sweet old story of mutual love, their friends in the thinly-settled country about, gave them household necessaries to begin with, and happy firesides were set up with a conglomerate collection of utensils and food. That was alright. It was kind, and the young couple went on carefully and bought their own luxuries, if they had any. Now, bless your heart, young folks who are poor get gold spoons and diamond necklaces, while Bridget shovels coal with an old newspaper and cleans shoes with a flannel rag because they can't buy coal shovels or boot-brushes. It is an outcome of false ideas of position and of happiness, and wedding gifts, while often perplexing the giver in their selection, are not seldom a cause of considerable embarrassment to the recipient, who strives to build suitable surroundings about them. It cannot always be done, and then it is done as far as possible—that is, so far as outsiders' eyes are concerned. This brings us back to the paper and the flannel.

Every month has its own especial flower, and this month, this blustering month with its snowy air, its teasing wind, and its delusive sunshine, is held sacred to the violet. Most of us love flowers, and we finger them with tender care, looking into their folded depths as if to seek the secret of their fascination. It baffles us, and so they charm us all the more. The violet was Shakespeare's favorite among the blossoms, and Burns says "the violet is for modesty." Moreover, I do not suppose any one person ever loved any other person without looking tenderly at the modest little purple flowers, for they mean true love. We shall see them all about now. They nestle among the laces on the home gown, and cuddle down in the fur on mantles. They drop their pretty heads upon the brims of vases and fling out, wherever they are, their delicious, enhancing and delicate perfume, which steals to us, and while it pleases, pains. In memory's half-darkened halls it wakens the echo of footsteps and fills our hearts with gentle thoughts as does the chorus of a once dear song.

CLIP CAREW.

A Practical Objection.

I.

I wish I knew a quiet vale,
Far from the city's strife,
Where I might settle down and spend
In peace the rest of life;
Where, free from constant care and toil,
I might live out my days,
No longer troubled by the thoughts
That harass, fret, and craze.

II.

If only there were such a spot,
How gladly would I seek
Its sweet seclusion, though it cost
Ten dollars every week.
But stay—in such a quiet place,
Free from all earthly ills,
How could I ever earn my salt?
And who would pay the bills?

—*Somerville Journal.*

Woman's Chances at Forty.

"I don't care if I am an old maid," said a charming woman. "If I wait till forty I'll be bound to make a brilliant match."

This sounded startling at first, but as she went on to explain, her theory seemed quite likely.

"Men marry women every day," she said, "who are faded, old, and of dubious figures, when they might marry pretty young girls. But the girls didn't know how to manage them. So experience won in place of youthful ignorance."

When one thinks it over, there has been an uncommon lot of aged marriages of late, and the jolly women of thirty n nd forty are holding their own very well.—*N. Y. Truth.*

What Ailed Him.

"Is he bad hurted, Yer Honor?" sobbed the wife as the doctor emerged from the room.

"Madam, I am afraid his injuries are fatal. His internal organs are crushed together, his ribs fractured and his whole body compressed into half its natural space. What terrible weight fell upon him—or was he caught between the cars?"

"Sure, doctor, there wasn't nothin' fell on 'im. He jusht put on wan of them unshrinkable flannel shirts and then got caught in the rain."—*Light.*

All Went Out.

Prospective Beau—Hullo, Bobby, is your sister in?

Bobby—Nope.

Prospective Beau—Your ma?

Bobby—Nope.

Prospective Beau—Your pa?

Bobby—Nope. They all went out and left me alone wit h the fire, but that's gone out too.

Prospec ive Beau (sarcastically)—Ah, yes; I thought I saw the fire escape through the window as I entered.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

As the fall and winter season has just ended, our liege lady and Goddess Fashion has indulged herself in nothing either whimsical or extravagant, but has instead smiled with indolent complacency on the styles she favored six months ago. She frowns on nothing now that she approved then, for though she has introduced quite a number of new effects, modified several peculiar features and elaborated a few details the current styles of last fall remain substantially correct for the coming season. Having just received by special importations the finest assortment of woolens which has ever been shown upon this market, call and inspect. The fashionable west end tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

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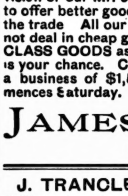

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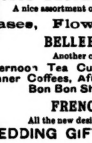

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CHAPTER XI.

"FOR SUCH THINGS MUST BEGIN SOMEDAY."

Mr. Cumberland's most energetic coadjutor in the improvement of his new parish was Lady Jane Twyford, who had worked in that parish for many years, and who was the head and front of a club and home for working women, that stood almost within the shadow of the old church of St. Cecilia. Lady Jane had seen vicars and curates come and go. She had seen good and faithful shepherds; she had seen those who scarce knew how to hold a sheep hook; and she was quick to recognize the right stamp of man in the new incumbent. She entered heartily into all his projected improvements, and gave the hand of friendship to his intended wife, while the vicar on his side ardently espoused all the enthusiasms of the lady, and lent his musical gifts to those social evenings at the club which it was Lady Jane's delight to inaugurate and superintend. To have an head of the parish a man with a strong brain and a fine baritone voice, supported by an extensive repertoire from both oratorio and opera, was more than she had ever hoped, and she gave the new vicar her friendship and her counsel in unstinted measure. She was a familiar visitor in the dreariest ground-floor dens, and in the most miserable garrets within the district, and she could tell him a great deal about his neediest parishioners, who, although they frequently shifted from one wretched lodging to another, did not often wander far afield, indeed for the most part revolved within a narrow circle, keeping the old local ground of St. Lawrence as their center, and the church tower as their land mark, a land mark which sometimes served to guide the feet of the Saturday night traveller, too far gone in liquor to read the names of the streets, or recognize minor indications.

To please his sister and her *fiance* Gerard Hillersdon interested himself in Lady Jane's club, and excused himself from an engagement at one of the most distinguished houses in London, where hospitality was a fine art, and where cabinet ministers were as common as strawberries in July, in order to eat boiled cabbage and roast lamb in Mr. Cumberland's dining-room, where Lady Jane and his sister made up the party of four. His mother had gone back to Devonshire, satisfied with the sights of London, and loaded with gifts from her millionaire son, elegances and inventions for drawing-room and morning-room, unknown and undreamed of by the shopkeepers of Exeter.

He was not sorry to give up a ducal dinner-party, albeit his card of invitation bristled with royalties. He had been tolerably familiar with all that London can offer in the way of pleasure and dissipation before he came into his fortune. He stood now upon a higher grade of the steps that approach the shrine, but the palace was the same palace, the lights, music, flowers, lovely women were the same that he had looked upon for half-a-dozen seasons, when he was a nobody. He would have liked to have had a new world—to have had a gate open for him into a land where all things were new. If he had been able to walk more than half-a-dozen miles without feeling tired he would have started for Central Africa. He had serious thoughts of Japan, Ceylon, or even Burmah—but while an inner self yearned for unknown lands, the common place, work-a-day self clung to Mayfair and its civilization—to the great city in which for the man with a fortune supposed to be "smart," there is only one hatter, one boot-maker, tailor, carriage-builder, one kind of letter-paper, one club, and one perfume possible; for be it observed that fashionable life really smart man be a member of twenty clubs, there is only one that he considers worthy of him, that one from which black balls had excluded the majority of his particular friends.

This little dinner in Soho, served by the neat parlor maid, in the somber-hued parlor, and this talk with Lady Jane of the ways and works of girls who made jam, and girls who made tailors' trimmings, was almost as good as a glimpse of a new country. All things in nature were new to the man who since he left the University, had lived only amongst people who were, or pretended to be, all things to all things.

The stories he heard to-night of sin and sorrow, good and bad, brutal crime, heroic effort, tender self-sacrifice, moral degeneracy and miseries, agonies which a five pound note might cure, or fatal diseases incurable for ever, which a little care and a little comfort might have averted, seemed doubly dreadful—dreadful as a reproach to every rich man in the city of London. And yet in try and alter these things, he told himself, would be like trying to turn the tide of the St. Lawrence, above the Falls of Niagara. Were he to cast all his fortune into this great gulf of poverty there would be one millionaire the less, and for the masses an almost imperceptible gain. But he resolved, sitting in this sombre parlor, with the glimpse of a fine May evening glowing on the polished oak panels, as on deep water—he resolved that these stories of hard lives should not have been told him in vain—that he would do some great thing, when once he could decide upon the thing that was most needed to lessen the measure of perpetual wants. Whether lodging house or hospital, club or refuge, reformatory or orphanage, something would he do; something which should soothe his own conscience and satisfy his mother's piety.

The dinner was all over before eight o'clock, and the little party left the vicarage on foot, to go to a hall in the neighborhood, which had been lent for a meeting of the choirs formed by the various women's clubs in London. The concert and competitive music festival, when the vicar's party entered the lighted hall, and the building was crowded in every part, but seats had been kept for Mr. Cumberland and his friends in a central position in front of the platform.

The choirs were ranged in a semi-circle, like the spectators in a Greek theater. There were eight choirs, numbering in all something over two hundred girls, and each choir wore a sash of a particular color from which it took its name. These bright scarfs across the sombre dresses, all following the same line, gave an appearance of uniformity to the whole costume. The eye hardly noted the dingy brown, or rusty blacks, the well-worn olives, or neutral grays of cheap, hard-wearing gowns. The bright smiling faces, the neatly dressed hair—with its varied coloring, from raven black, through all the shades of brown and ruddy gold, to palest flaxen—the blue, and yellow, and green and rose, and violet sashes, filled the hall with life and color.

Seen thus in a mass of smiling humanity, the clubs of London seemed to have sent out a bevy of beauties. The general effect was excellent; and when all the voices burst forth in a great gush of melody, as the united choirs attacked Mendelssohn's Greeting, Gerald felt the sudden thrill of sympathy which brings unbidden tears to the eyes.

After that burst of melody, in which all the choirs sang together, there came other part songs by separate choirs. One of these by the members of a club at Chelsea, which called itself somewhat ambitiously the St. Cecilia, struck Gerard as a marked advance upon the others. They sang Schubert's Wanderer, arranged as a part song, with English words, and among the many voices there were tones of purest quality which went to Gerard Hillersdon's heart, and moved him more than the new tenors and baritones lately imported from Italy, America and Australia had been able to do of late. Indeed, there had been nights at the opera when he, who was passionately fond of music, had begun to fancy that he had left off caring for it; that one may get beyond music as one gets beyond so many other pleasures, and that even to that pure and perfect enjoyment there may come the season of satiety.

To-night those familiar notes thrilled him; those fresh young voices pealing out over the crowded hall awakened in him a rapture of humanity, a longing to be one with this new world of humble toilers, this world of struggles and of cares, in which the pleasures were so simple and so few. This was a gala night, no doubt, for all these girls. To stand on yonder platform, to wear those bright-colored sashes, and mingle their voice in tuneful harmonies, meant for these girls a festival. He thought of the girls he met in society, the girls steeped to the lips in worldliness and social intrigue; girls who calculated the cost of every entertainment, appraised its value, and financial; sneered if the floral decorations at a ball were sparely or badly done; sneered even more contemptuously when transatlantic or new made wealth obtruded itself upon the eye in a too lavish magnificence; girls who were gourmets upon leaving the nursery, and who passed at once from the school-room bread and butter to a nice discrimination in quails, ortolans, and perigord pie; girls who went gaily flirting and dancing through the flowery groves of a London June, all freshness and infantine candor under the tempered incandescent lamps, yet having one eye always steadily directed to the main chance of an eligible husband and a handsome establishment.

While he idly philosophized, gazing somewhat dreamily at the girls who formed the semi-circle in front of him, till the topmost rank seemed to touch the roof of the hall, his eye suddenly fastened upon one face in the middle distance, a delicate and pensive face, far paler than the majority of those faces, though pallor is the predominant note in the complexions of London work girls. The one face having once been perceived by him, shone out from the mass of faces, separate and distinct, and held him as a gaze. It was the face that had been never totally absent from his mind and fancy since that strange night in Justin Jermyn's chambers, the face of the girl at the sewing machine. Line for line it was the face he had seen in a vision, distinct in its identity as the living face he was looking at to-night.

When the singing ceased he questioned Lady Jane, who sat next him.

"There is a girl in the Chelsea choir, a very lovely girl, but with a look of trouble in her face," he said. "Do you know who she is?"

"I think I know whom you mean. Can you point her out to me?"

He counted the rows and the heads, and indicated the exact position of the girl whose face attracted him.

"Do tell me what you know about her," he said, earnestly.

"Very little. She is not in my parish or in my club. I believe she is a good girl. She lives with her father—"

"Was he a gentleman and a scholar, but who is now nothing but a drunkard," interrupted Gerard.

"You know her then!" exclaimed Lady Jane.

"Is that her history?"

"I fear it is. She came once to a social evening at our club, and I talked to her, but she was very reticent, and it is from other girls I have heard the little I know of her story. The father was with our girls upon an equal footing, self by intemperate habits. The girl who told me this heard it from him, not from his daughter. Hester is a busy, good girl, and bears the burden of her father's vices, and works very hard to keep him from destitution. She is a very clever hand at braiding upon cloth. You may have noticed the braided trimmings and jackets that have been worn of late years. Hester Dale does that kind of work for the fashionable dressmakers."

"Is it hand work or done by the sewing-machine?"

"The greater part is machine work. Hester is very expert—a really exquisite worker by hand or machine—but it is a hard life at best. I wish we could do more to brighten it for her. We could give her a holiday, and take her on pleasant excursions in the country if she could only forget that she is a gentleman's daughter, and mix with our girls upon an equal footing. She would find a good deal of natural refinement among them, lowly as their surroundings are. But she does not care to join in anything but the singing classes. Music is her only pleasure."

"Is not London a place of terrible temptations for so lonely a girl, under such circumstances?" asked Gerard, in the pause that followed the next part-song, by an East-end choir.

"Oh, Hester is not that kind of girl," answered Lady Jane quickly; "she is too pure-minded to be approached by any evil influence."

Another choir burst into Mendelssohnic melody, The Maybells and the Flowers, a melody gay and tender, and Gerard Hillersdon was again constrained to silence, but he never took his eyes from the pure oval of that pale, pensive face, with its lovely violet eyes, full of a dreamy sweetness, gentle, trustful, innocent as the eyes of a child. Verily, this was a loveliness exempt from the snares and lures that lie in wait for the unprotected. A girl with such a face as that would not be easily tempted.

His mind went back to those two occasions upon which he had met Hester Dale-for-ever. He remembered that autumn afternoon at the rectory, when he went into the drawing-room to bid Lillian good-by, and found a strange young lady sitting with her at the little Japanese table in the bow window—a young lady in a plain alpaca gown and a neat straw hat, and with a face the loveliest he had seen for many a long day. He remembered the few words interchanged with the curate's daughter—the common place inquiries as to how she liked St. Stigant, and St. Stigant's ways and manners, and whether she had studied music or painting—and then a hurried adieu, as he ran off to catch the train. He remembered that the other meeting by the sea, and a somewhat longer conversation—a little talk about her favorite books, and her favorite poets. How beautiful the sweet face in its youthful freshness—fair as the face of the holy bride in Raffaelle's Spozalizio—and then he thought of the girls he met in society, treading on rose leaves, strewn with the roses of life—worshipped, feted, royal in their supremacy.

And it was just the artistic point, the *enfourage* that made all the difference. This girl might sit at her sewing-machine till her loveliness faded to the pale shadow of the beauty that has been.

He hardly heard the rest of the concert, though the voices were tolerably loud. He was in a troubled dream at his side, which, more fair, concerned him very little. What was Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? Yet, in his eagerness to find out more about Hester Davenport, he bade Lady Jane a hurried good-night in the hall, and put his sister into her carriage to be driven home alone.

"I am going for a stroll in the moonlight," he said. "I good night, dear. Don't sit up for me. I may go to my club for half an hour afterwards."

It was early yet, not quite ten o'clock, and the young May moon was shining over the chimneys of Soho, a tempting night for a walk, and Gerard was given to nocturnal rambles, so Lillian hardly wondered at being sent home alone.

He watched the brougham till it disappeared round a corner, and then watched the doors of the hall till the audience had all passed out, and melted away into the infinite space of London, and then he waited for the groups composed the different choirs as they departed, mostly in talkative clusters, full of gaiety after the evening's amusement. Among so many girls, all dressed in much the same fashion, it was not an easy task to single out one—but his eye was keen to distinguish that one girl for whom he waited, as she emerged from the hall, separating herself from the herd, and walked rapidly westward, he following. She walked with that even, resolute pace of a woman accustomed to thread her way through the streets of a great city, uncaring for the faces that passed her by, unconscious of observers, intent on her own business, self-contained, self-reliant. Gerard Hillersdon followed on the opposite side of the way, waiting for some quietest spot in which he might address her. They followed in this fashion as far as St. James's Park, and there, under the shelter of spring foliage, beneath Carlton House terrace, he overtook and accosted her.

"Good evening, Miss Davenport. I hope you have not forgotten me—Gerard Hillersdon, son of the rector of Helmsleigh!"

He stood bareheaded in the faint evening light—half dusk, half moonlight—holding out his hand to her; but she did not take the extended hand, and she was evidently anxious to pass on without any conversation with him.

"No, I have not forgotten. I am visiting home to my father. God night, Mr. Hillersdon."

He would not let her go.

"Spare me a few minutes—only a few minutes," he pleaded. "I won't delay your return. Let me walk by your side. My sister, your friend Lillian, has left me to walk home with me. She would like to go to see you if you will let her."

"She was always kind—but it is impossible. My father and I have done with the world in which your sister lives. We are living very humbly, but not unhappily—at least, I have only one trouble, and that cannot be the same, or perhaps worse, if we were living in a palace."

"Do you think my sister would value or love you less because you are working to maintain your father? Oh, Miss Davenport, you cannot think so meanly of an old friend!"

"No, no; I am sure she would be as kind as ever—but I would rather not see her. It would give me intense pain—it would recall past miseries, I have tried to blot out all memory of my past life—to exist only in the present, get on very well, with a sad little smile, while I work for that. Please don't make it more difficult for me. Good night."

She stopped, and this time it was she who held out her hand in friendly farewell.

He took the poor little hand, so small, so delicately fashioned, in its shabby cotton glove—a gray cotton glove that had been washed and ironed, darned, it may be, a dozen times, held it gently, but with no intention of accepting his dismissal.

"Let me see you home with you," he said, "I have so much to say to you."

"I would rather not. I am used to being alone."

"A part of the way—at least, just a little way. I want to tell you of all the changes that have happened since you left Helmsleigh."

"They cannot concern me. I tell you again I have done with all that life. I can have no interest in it."

"Not even in my sister's fate? She was your friend."

She was, and a very dear friend, but all that is past and gone. I want to know nothing about her, except that she is well and happy.

"Oh, she has happiness enough to know her. She is in that exalted condition of happiness which seems common to girls who are engaged to be married—curious when one considers the opprobrious epithets showered on the joys of domestic life in the persons of their fathers and mothers."

"She is engaged," mused Hester, forgetful at once of her resolve not to be interested, and all a woman in her quick sympathies. "Is the gentleman anyone I know in Helmsleigh?"

"No; he did not come to Helmsleigh until after you left. He succeeded your father as curate; but he is now in London. He is the vicar of Stockbridge. You may have seen him at Lady Jane's Club."

"No; I very seldom go to the club. I give most of my leisure to my father."

"Mr. Davenport is pretty well, I hope?" inquired Gerard, hardly knowing how to avoid giving her pain in any other way than by silence.

"Yes, thank you. He has tolerable health; only—there is no use in hiding it from you—there is always the old trouble to fear. It does not come often, but it is always to be feared."

"He is not cured? He still gives way to the old temptation?"

"Sometimes. He is very good. He struggles against that dreadful inclination; but there are times when it is stronger than himself. He fought a hard battle when we first came to live were in Australia—tried to gain his self-respect and the respect of his fellow-men. He succeeded in getting profitable employment as a clerk. We were doing very well indeed, and in full hour came. He was tempted by foolish friendly people, who laughed at my anxieties about him—asked me if I was afraid of my father's liquor in the office where he was a gentleman and a person of importance, with a good salary, and he was going to drop into a lower form of employment; and he sank and sank to almost the lowest in the city of Melbourne. His friends had ceased to care for him. They had taken their pleasure out of him, and left me care of his life upon my own shoulders. I had earned a little money by giving lessons in a depot for sewing machines, where I learnt a good many improvements in machine work—improvements that are not yet common in Australia, and I had saved just enough to pay our passage home—a steerage passage. I brought him home, a sad wreck, hopeless, broken down in body and mind, and we found lodgings in Chelsea because they were very humble, but clean and wholesome. A distant relation of my father's pays the rent. We have lived there ever since, and I thought at first that I should be able to find pupils for singing, and that my German education would help me in that way; but I found very soon how hopeless that is, especially when one is living in a poor neighborhood and wearing a threadbare gown. And then I was lucky enough to discover a mantle maker in Knightsbridge who wanted what is called a braiding hand, and as my knowledge of the latest sewing machine enabled me to do this kind of work better than most girls, I soon got regular employment, and I have been able to make my living ever since."

"A poor living and a hard life, I fear," said Gerard.

"Oh, we have enough. We are just comfortable, father and I, and he is so fond of me and so good to me that I ought to be thankful and happy."

"And have you no recreation, no variety in your existence? Is it all hard work?"

"I have the choir practice. That makes a little change now and then, only I don't like to leave my father too often."

"Does he do nothing?"

"He reads the papers at the free library, and in fine weather he does a little gardening."

"But he does nothing to help you—he earns nothing?"

"No, he is past all that. If he could earn money he would spend it. As it is his pockets are always empty, poor dear, and he cannot pay for the dreadful stuff that would maddden his brain, and chloral cost money, luckily for him and for me."

"Will you let Lillian help you?" asked Gerard. "We are rich now, ridiculously rich. We hold our wealth in trust for all who need it. Let my sister do something to make your life lighter. She shall put a sum of money into the Knightsbridge Bank to your credit, open an account for you, and you can draw the money as you want it. She shall do that to-morrow. Consider the thing done."

"Do not dream of it, Mr. Hillersdon," she answered, indignantly. "I would never touch a sixpence of that money. Do you suppose I would take alms from your sister or anyone while I am young and strong, and am able to get regular work? I wonder you can think so poorly of me."

"I wonder you can be so cruel as to refuse my friendship—for in refusing my help you throw away the privilege of a friend. It is mere stubbornness to reject a small share in Lilian's good fortune. I tell you again we are absurdly rich."

"If you were twice as rich as the richest of the Rothschilds I would not sacrifice my independence. If I were penniless and my father ill, that would be different. I might ask your sister to help me."

"And must I do nothing to lighten your burden, to soften your hard life?"

"It is not a hard life. It is the life of thousands of girls in this great city—girls who are contented with their lot, and are bright and happy. I am happier than many of them, for my work is better paid."

"But you were not born to this lot!"

"Perhaps not; but I don't think that makes it any worse to bear. I have lived the life long enough to be accustomed to it."

They were in Eaton square by this time, the long and rather dreary square, with its tall, barn like church, which even fashion cannot make beautiful. They were about half-way between the church and the western end of the square, Hester stopped abruptly.

"I must beg you to come no further," she said, and there was so resolute look in the proud face in the light of the street lamp that told him he must obey.

"Good night, then," he said, moodily. "You will at least tell me where you live?"

"No; there would be nothing gained. My father and I only ask to be forgotten."

She hurried away from him, and he stood there in moonlight and gaslight, in the dull level square, thinking how strange life is.

Should he follow her and find out where she lived? No; that would be a base and vulgar act, and he might find her address without any such base and dishonorable act of contempt. He could find out at the club, of whose choir she was a member. She fancied herself quite hidden under assumed name, no doubt; but he had heard that Alias from Lady Jane, and it would be easy enough to find out the dwelling place of Hester Dale.

He walked home thoughtfully and yet elated. He was so glad to have found her. It seemed as if a new life were beginning for him that night.

He did not go to any of the clubs which invite the footsteps of youth betwixt midnight and morning. Dancing tempted him not, neither music nor cards. He was out of tune with all such common amusements, and the commonplace emotions which they produce. He was in tune with the mystery of the cavern; felt as if in that walk in the dim evening shadows and in the bright moonlight he had been in another world, and now was back in the old world again, and found it passing dull.

All was silent in his house when he went in, but through an open window in the lofty hall a chilling wind crept in and stirred the palm leaves, and awakened weird harmonies in an unused harp, that hung near the assemant. His favorite reading lamp was burning on the Chippendale table in his study, that room which owed its existence to Justin Jermyn's taste rather than his own, and was yet in all things as his own taste would have chosen.

He saw the discreet footman who was waiting up for him received his orders and retired, and as his footsteps slowly died away in the corridor, Gerard Hillersdon felt the oppression of an intolerable solitude.

There were letters on a side table. Of all the numerous deliveries in the Western district of London, there was hardly a day without one, the millionaire—invitations, letters of introduction, begging letters, circulars, prospectuses of every imaginable mode and manner of attract and interest in the wonders of the speculator. He only glanced at these things, and then flung them into a basket which his housekeeper emptied every morning. He scarcely replied to the invitations; he had neatly engraved cards expressive of every phase of circumstances—the pleasure in accepting—the honor of dining—the regret that a prior engagement—and all the rest. The chief thing which money had done for Gerard Hillersdon was to lessen the cares of life—to shunt all his burdens upon other shoulders.

This is what wealth can do. If it cannot always bring happiness, it can ease the journey. It seems a hard thing to the millionaire that he must endure his own gout, and that he cannot hire someone to get up early in the morning for him.

Among all the letters which had accumulated since six o'clock, there was only one that interested him, a long letter from Edith Champion, who had the feminine passion for writing lengthily to the man she loved, albeit of late he had rarely replied in any more impassioned form than a telegram.

"It is so much nicer to talk," he told her when she reproached him, "and there is nothing to prevent our meeting."

"But there is. There are whole days on which we don't meet—when Finchley is—"

"True. But then we are so fresh to each other the day after. Why discount our emotions by writing about them? I love to get your letters, all the same," he added, kindly. "Your pen is so eloquent."

"I can say more with my pen than I ever dare to say with my lips," she answered.

Her letter to-night was graver than usual.

"I have been at Finchley all day—such a tiring day. I think the end is coming—at least, the doctors have told me they do not give him much longer. I cannot say I fear he is dying, since you know that his death will mean the beginning of a new life for me, with all the hope and gladness of my girlhood; and yet my mind is full of fear when I think of him and of Aron, and of what my life has been for the last three years. I do not think I have failed in any duty to him. I know that I have never thwarted the privilege of a friend. It is mere stubbornness to reject a small share in Lilian's good fortune. I tell you again we are absurdly rich."

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287 College Street

and most uncertain. There had been a gradual deterioration from the first to the fifth.

To-night, after a long interval of melancholy thought, he rose suddenly, dipped a broad nibbed pen deep into a capacious inkpot, and with slow, uncertain hand traced the sixth line—traced it with a hand so tremulous that this last line differed more markedly from the line immediately before it than that fifth line differed from the first bold outline. Yet between the first and the fifth line there had been an interval of nearly six months, while between the fifth and the sixth the interval was but three days.

The element of passion, with all its fever of hope and expectancy, had newly entered into his life.

(To be Continued.)

A Well Matched Couple.

A convict at a French penal settlement, who was undergoing a life sentence, desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of common occurrence. The governor of the colony offered no objections, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the bridegroom.

"Did you not marry in France?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And your wife is dead?"

"She is."

"Have you any document to show that she is dead?"

"No."

"Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce some proof that your wife is dead."

There was a pause, and the bride prospective looked anxiously at the would-be groom. Finally he said:

"I can prove that my former wife is dead."

"How will you do so?"

"I was sent here for killing her."

And the bride accepted him notwithstanding.—*Texas Siftings.*

Misses E. & H. Johnston, modes, King street. Stock-taking sale. Remnants and cut pieces of silks, velvets, laces and novelty trimmings greatly reduced. Patterns free on receipt of postal card.

A Bereft Family.

Miss Grumper (in the window)—Just look at that horrid Mrs. Atchison, Louise. I always thought that ulster was trimmed with catskin, and now I'm sure of it.—*Judge.*

Thought He Was English.

He was short and slender, but strongly built. His clothes were brown and worn, but not ragged. His hat also was brown and his eyes. The stubby growth of his beard was auburn and his complexion was bronzed. This russet and sombre appearance was intensified by an expression of deep and meek dejection. The young man who was coming up Park place toward him was tall and walked with a swinging stride. His clothes were of that loose and artfully ill-fitting character which indicates a fondness for English fashions.

The young man saw him of the russet mien looking at him earnestly afar off. This gaze grew in intensity as the two drew nearer each other. When they were close together the russet man touched his hat timidly and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir."

The young man was about to pass on. But the brown man said quickly: "I thought you might give me the address of some English society."

"I don't know any except the St. George," said the young man, moving on.

"Yes, sir," said the brown man. "I saw that you were one of my countrymen and I thought—"

The young man stopped, looked pleased, and listened.

"I am from Yorkshire," continued the brown man, and the young man noticed the "burr" he had read about. "I am out of work. I applied to the St. George Society, but the secretary was out of town, sir, and, seeing you were one of my countrymen, I took the liberty of asking you—"

"No, I'm not an Englishman," said the young man, deprecatingly, "but—"

The Yorkshire man looked politely incredulous.

"I was sure you were an Englishman," said he. "I beg your pardon for stopping you, but you see I was in need of assistance, and I felt that an Englishman would help me."

The flattery was working, and the young man in the English clothes drew out a quarter.

"Take that, and good luck to you, my man," said he with as strong an accent as he could muster.

"Thank you, sir. I knew you were an Eng—"

"Just then he rushed away. A policeman sauntered up and said:

"Do you bite?"

"No; why?"

"Why, he's one of the best—generally catches young men—"

"What d'you mean?"

"Said he was a Yorkshireman, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Thought you were an Englishman, didn't he?"

"Y-e-es."

"That's it. And you didn't give him nothin'?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I saw him stringin' you along and came up. Thought I saw you hand him something."

"I'm not such a d——d fool," said the young man, getting red and walking away quickly that he forgot his English stride.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Tired Little Girl.

Little Bessie had been offended in some way. She went off into a corner of the room and turned her back on the company.

"I'm mad!" she exclaimed, sulkily. "I wish I didn't have any papa or mamma.

"That's wrong, dear," said her mother. "We are the best friends you have.

"Well," said Bessie, still sulking. "I don't mind havin' paps. He isn't here much. But I'm gettin' awful tired of the rest of you."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Following the Sea.

At the time of "the great earthquake of '68," said Mr. Swiddler—William Swiddler—William Swiddler; of Calaveras—I was at Arica, Peru. I have not a map by me, and am not certain that Arica is not in Chili, but it can't make much difference; there was earthquake all along there.

Sam Baxter was with us; I think he had gone from San Francisco to make a railway, or something. On the morning of the 'quake, Sam and I had gone down to the beach to bathe. We had shed our boots, and begun to moult, when there was a slight tremor of the earth, as if the elephant who supports it was pushing upward, or lying down and getting up again. Next, the surges, which were flattening themselves upon the sand and dragging away such small trifles as they could lay hold of, began racing out seaward, as if they had received a dispatch that somebody was not expected to live. This was needless, for we did not expect to live.

When the sea had receded entirely out of sight, we started after it; for it will be remembered, we had come to bathe; and bathing without some kind of water is not refreshing in a hot climate.

For the first four or five miles the walking was very difficult, although the grade was tolerably steep. The ground was soft, there were tangled forests of sea-weed, old rotten ships, rusty anchors, human skeletons, and a multitude of things to impede the pedestrian. The floundering sharks bit our legs as we toiled past them, and we were constantly slipping down upon the flat fish strewn about like orange peel on a sidewalk. Sam, too, had stuffed his shirt front with such a weight of doubloons from the wreck of an old galleon, that I had to help him across all the worst places. It was very dispiriting.

Presently, away on the western horizon, I saw the sea coming back. It occurred to me then that I did not wish it to come back. A tidal wave is nearly always wet, and I was now a good way from home, with no means of making a fire.

The same was true of Sam, but he did not appear to think of it in that way. He stood quite still a moment with his eyes fixed on the advancing line of water; then turned to me, saying, very earnestly:

"Tell you what, William; I never wanted a ship so bad from the cradle to the grave! I would give m-o-r-e for a ship!—More than for all the railways and turnpikes you could scare up! I'd give more than a hundred, thousand, million dollars! I would—I'd give all I'm worth, for—just—one little—ship!"

To show how lightly he could part with his wealth, he lifted his shirt out of his trousers, unbosoming himself of his doubloons, which tumbled about his feet, a golden storm.

By this time the tidal was close upon us. Call that a wave! It was one solid green wall of water, higher than Niagara Falls, stretching as far as we could see to right and left, without a break in its towering front! It was by no means clear what we ought to do. The moving wall showed no projections by means of which the most daring climber could hope to reach the top. There was no tree; there were no window-ledges. Stay!—there was the lightning rod! No, there wasn't any lightning rod. Of course, not!

Looking despairingly upward, I make a tolerably good beginning at thinking of all the mean actions I had wrought in the flesh, when I saw projecting beyond the crest of the wave a ship's bowsprit, with a man sitting on it reading a newspaper! Thank fortune, we were saved!

Falling upon our knees with tearful gratitude, we got up again and ran—ran as fast as we could, I suspect; for when the whole forepart of the ship budged through the water just above our heads, and might lose its balance any moment. It we had only brought along our umbrellas!

I shouted to the man on the bowsprit to drop us a line. He merely replied that his correspondence was already very onerous, and he hadn't any pen and ink.

Then I told him I wanted to get aboard. He said I would find one on the beach, about three leagues to the south'ard, where the Nancy Tucker went ashore.

At these replies I was disheartened. It was not so much that the man withheld assistance, as that he made puns. Presently, however, he folded his newspaper, put it carefully away in his pocket, went and got a line, and let it down to us just as we were about to give up the race. Sam made a lunge at it, and got it. I laid hold of his legs, the end of the rope was passed about the capstan, and as soon as the men on board had a little grog, we were hauled up. I can assure you that it was no fine experience to go up in that way, close to the smooth, vertical front of water, with the whales tumbling out all round and above us, and the sword-fishes nosing us pointedly with vulgar curiosity.

We had no sooner set foot on deck, and got Sam disengaged from the hook, than the purser stepped up with book and pencil—"Tickets, gentlemen."

We told him we hadn't any tickets, and he ordered us to be set ashore in a boat. It was represented to him that this was quite impossible under the circumstances; but he replied that he had nothing to do with circumstances—did not know anything about circumstances. Nothing would move him till the captain, who was really a kind hearted man, came on deck and knocked him overboard. We were now stripped of our clothing, chafed all over with stiff brushes, rolled on our stomachs, wrapped in flannels, laid before a hot stove in the saloon and strangled with scalding brandy. We had not been wet, nor had we swallowed any sea-water, but the surgeon said this was the proper treatment. It is uncertain what he might have done to us if the tender-hearted captain had not thrashed him into his cabin, and told us to go on deck.

By this time the ship was passing the town of Arica, and we were about to go astern and fish a little, when she grounded on a hill-top. The captain hove out all the anchors he had about him; and when the water went swirling back to its legal level, taking the town along for company, there we were, in the midst of a charming agricultural country, but at some distance from any seaport.

At sunrise next morning we were all on deck. Sam sauntered aft to the binnacle, cast his eye carelessly upon the compass, and uttered an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Tell you, captain," he called out, "this has been a diver convulsion of nature than you have any idea. Everythin's been screwed right round. Needle p'ints due south!"

"Why, you lubber!" growled the skipper, taking a look, "it p'ints d'rectly to labbard, an' there's the sun, dead ahead!"

Sam turned and confronted him, with a steady gaze of ineffable contempt.

"Now, who said it wasn't dead ahead?—tell me that. Shows how much you know about earthquakes. 'Course, I didn't mean just this continent, nor just this earth: I tell you, the whole thing's turned!"

Books and Magazines.

Those who saw and listened to Mr. Frederic Villiers when he lectured here, a year or two ago, will be interested in reading his Story of a War Correspondent's Life, in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine for March, of which it is the leading feature. It is illustrated by himself with a number of spirited sketches. How I Shot My First Elephant, by McMahon Challinor; and Labor Unions and Strikes in Ancient Rome, an illustrated article by Dr. G. A. Danziger, are among the best things in this number. Mr. Brander Matthews has been added to the editorial staff of the *Cosmopolitan*, which already comprised Murat Halstead and Edward Everett Hale. The colored frontispiece to this magazine could, from an artistic point of view, be easily dispensed with.

One of the leading papers in the March *Atlantic* is Francis P. Church's article on Richard Grant White. Francis Parkman, the famous historian of Canada, contributes an interesting and valuable historical study on the capture of Louisbourg by the New England militia. A very readable and biographical fragment is James Freeman Clark's My Schooling. Other papers are The State University in America, by George E. Howard; The Present Problem of Heredity, by Henry F. Osborn, with the usual book reviews, etc.

The *Methodist Magazine* (William Briggs, Toronto) celebrates its centennial by issuing an enlarged number containing 112 pages. Among its features are Methodism in the eighteenth century, by the editor; Symposium of Methodism, by Prof. Goldwin Smith, Hon. O. Mowat, Hon. G. W. Allan, Lieut.-Governor Sir L. Tilley, and others.

The *New England Magazine* of Boston is making a special feature of articles dealing with Canadian topics, interesting to those who wish to keep in touch with the progress of the age all the world over, and especially interesting to Canadians themselves. The April number will have an article on Contemporary Canadian Art and Artists, by W. Blackburn Harte. It is a companion to the same writer's article on the Dominion Literary Men. It will be profusely illustrated, with portraits and examples of the work of the best Canadian artists.

John Catto & Co. have issued a little book which will be of great interest to those interested in Scottish antiquities. It gives the tartans of all the Scottish clans, with the badges and war cries of a large number. Interesting notes are given, from the Vestiarium Scoticum, a manuscript supposed to have been written late in the fifteenth or early in the sixteenth century.

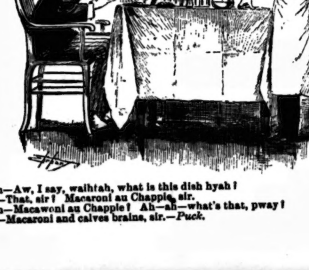
Scribner's Magazine keeps up its African interest in the March number, by an article entitled Our March with a Starving Column, by A. J. Mounteney Jephson, illustrated by Frederic Villiers. Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson contributes a forcible short story, The Half White. Japonica still holds its interest, and an excellent article on London and American clubs is contributed by E. S. Nadal. A sketch of French Canadian village life, from the pen of Duncan Campbell Scott, is of interest to Canadians. Other valuable papers are The Ornamentation of Rivers and Lakes, illustrated, by Samuel Parsons, jr.; and Mount St. Elias and its Glaciers, by Mark Brickell Kerr.

One of the most serviceable books issued recently from the Canadian press is the one entitled Canadians in the Imperial Naval and Military Service Abroad. It has been prepared and written by J. Hampden Burnham, M.A., barrister-at-law of Osgoode Hall. The object of the author in preparing it has been to make Canadians better known to themselves by putting in concise form much valuable information which previously was not readily accessible. It will be especially valuable as a book of reference, but is of sufficient historical interest to deserve a careful perusal by every Canadian, many of whom will be surprised at the number of their fellow countrymen who have achieved distinction in the service. The work is well written, well printed and is published by Williamson & Co., Toronto.

Take the Picturesque Erie Railway to New York.

Parties visiting New York should always be careful to have their tickets read over the Erie. They run magnificent through sleepers from Toronto, and attach the finest dining cars in the United States for meals. The Erie is a double-track road from Suspension Bridge to New York. The officials of this great road deserve great credit for the grand service they have given to the people in Canada, and we hope this favorite route will be well patronized.

A Deadly Insult.



Dudeson—Aw, I say, wailtah, what is this dish hyah?
Waiter—That, sir? Macaroni au Chappie, sir.
Dudeson—Macawoni au Chappie? Ah—ah—what's that, pway?
Waiter—Macaroni and calves brains, sir.—*Puck.*

"Starting Out on a Small Scale."

Comfort.

She was not a pretty sight—an old woman tottering under sixty years of poverty—and now was the worst poverty of all. Her hand, which gathered a grimy plaid shawl at her throat, trembled ceaselessly from privation, and the vile liquor privation had brought. She was hungry; it seemed to her that she had never eaten. She was cold; it seemed to her that she had never known warmth.

She crept into a little hallway on the water front. The breeze from the river was not a strong one; but to her it was a hurricane. The dizzling rain burt her. The minor tones of a bell from a ship at the near-by docks told that it was midnight. With inarticulate moans she crouched down in a corner, closing the door to keep out the wind rain.

Something was in the corner, she felt it with her benumbed hands. It was soft and warm to her touch. A plaintive mew followed. The something was a cat. At first she rather resented its presence. Then she gathered it up in her arms and pressed it against the bosom of her ragged old dress. Here was a creature as miserable as she. It was only a cat, but she felt less lonely with it in her arms. When she had been a little girl she had had a pet kitten.

Each was cold—the cat and the woman—but each found some warmth in the other. The cat stopped mewing and the woman stopped moaning. The wind had shifted and the rain had ceased. The door swung open again and the moon hanging calmly beautiful among the clouds, shone through the tangle of masts and cordage and into the hallway.

The woman, crouched in the corner, held the cat as she would have held a child. By-and-bye she began to rock slowly to and fro. The clouds drifted away, and the stars joined the moon in peeping through the door.

The woman's eyes were closed and she was crooning an old-fashioned lullaby. The cat was very faintly purring and one of its paws rested on her bare neck. The moon sank slowly out of sight and new clouds obscured the stars.

When the policeman peered in the hallway just before daybreak, the woman and the cat were asleep.

And they are still sleeping.

106 Agnes street, Toronto, Ont., May 23, 1887: "It is with pleasure that I certify to the fact of my mother having been cured of a bad case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and this after having tried other preparations without avail." Wm. H. McConnell.

A Valuable Service.

Patron—Here are ten dollars which I wish to present to messenger boy No. 999.

Agent—I am glad to hear that one of our boys has been of so much service. When was it?

Patron—Yesterday. I sent him to the Exchange with an order to my broker to buy 10,000 shares X. Y. Z. stock, but before night the whole bottom dropped out of X. Y. Z. I rushed around to my broker, and was delighted to learn that the boy hadn't got there yet.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"
"To salt the cattle, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You might absorb it, sir," she said.

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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
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ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
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Stomach
Troubles are caused by improper diet, hasty eating and drinking, late suppers, the excessive use of stimulants, and a scrofulous condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most efficacious remedy for all such disorders. ** I am convinced that the worst cases of Dyspepsia
Can be
cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered greatly from this complaint for years, and never took any medicine that did me any good until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took four bottles of this preparation last spring, and my appetite, health, and strength were completely restored.—Richard M. Norton, Danbury, Conn.
My wife was long subject to severe Headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. After trying various remedies, without relief, she used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was speedily cured.—S. Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass.
As a remedy for Debility, Faintness, Loss of Appetite, and Indigestion, I took one bottle of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
and was cured.—H. Mansfield, Chelmsford, Mass.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Troubles
Never come alone. If the Liver, Kidneys, or Bowels are disordered, other parts of the body become affected. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restores the vigor required for the healthy action of these organs more speedily than any other medicine.
** A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Cured
me of Kidney Disease, when all other medicines failed. It is the most reliable and best remedy for this complaint known to me.—Eli Dodd, Xenia, Ill.
I was afflicted with a severe bowel difficulty; my vitality seemed to be rapidly diminishing, my appetite failed, my tongue was badly coated, and my strength was gone. In this enfeebled condition I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I had not taken many doses before I noticed a decided change for the better. My appetite and strength returned, and my whole system manifested renewed vigor.—E. B. Simonds, Glover, Vt.
I have used Ayer's Medicines in my family with satisfaction, for years, and always have a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla
in the house: It is so good for the blood.—Mrs. E. Thruvegen, Perth Amboy, N. J.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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The Drama.

Hands Across the Sea is an English melodrama. It has been played at the Grand Opera House this week. An English melodrama differs very materially from an American melodrama, but one English melodrama does not differ much from another. Therefore, those of you who have seen The Lights o' London and Harbor Lights, and other lights of the same sort, have a pretty fair idea of the style of play represented by Hands Across the Sea. The favorite seat of American melodrama is the "wild and wooly west" or the Chatham street region of New York. Here are the great centers of the crude and undistilled romance of this great continent. In English melodrama the sea is the equivalent of our prairies and mountains, and the Whitechapel district of London is the peopled center of crime and ruffianism. In the American play justice is usually meted out with the swift retributive seven-chambered gun or the penetrating bowie knife. In the English play the awful form of justice is usually the orthodox judge and jury, and in nine cases out of ten the villain spends the evening of his life in the exclusive retirement of Botany Bay and its vicinity. The melodrama from over the sea seems to have, if any thing, one more boiling than the United States one. It has not the same stump-fence crudity about it and lacks somewhat in breziness. Hands Across the Sea is neither better nor worse than many of its kind we have seen before. While it is not so similar to others as to be an infringement of copyright, it still has nothing so startlingly new as to be worthy of special mention. The company playing it is better in some of its members than the average melodramatic cast. Mr. James L. Edwards makes a good hero. The best man in the cast is Mr. W. H. Lytell. He is too good for his part, being too much of a comedian to bring out the heroics good and strong.

•

The Howard Athenæum Specialty Company will play at the Grand Opera House all next week. Of this combination an American paper says: "It is one of the best aggregations of specialty talent ever gotten together, and each act is excellent in its class. The feature of the performance is undoubtedly the juggling of Paul Cinquevalli, who is most unusually skillful. He is more original and inventive than is Trewey, who was here last season. They do not resemble each other in method or manner. Miss Webster and Fitz gave musical selections exceedingly well, especially a cornet duo. The horizontal bar work of the Boissett brothers is marvelous, being daring, graceful and novel. The Irish dialect comedians, Conroy and Fox, gave a good act and told many new jokes and quips. And Dutch Daly was remarkably good in his specialties, doing some very artistic work and talking most amusingly. The Poluski brothers, who are English grotesque comedians, proved to be an attractive novelty, giving an acrobatic and very clever act. The performance closed with the Salambos who are styled conquerors of electricity which was a fitting and pleasing conclusion to an exceptionally good bill.

A farce comedy by H. G. Donnelly entitled A Pair of Jacks has been scoring a success in Jacob & Sparrow's Opera House this week. Outside the hardly noticeable plot carried through by the two characters Judge Jack and Dr. Jack there is nothing to follow in the way of a story. Specialties supply much of the entertainment. R. G. Knowles and Geo. A. Booker are worthy of considerable praise in their efforts. Mr. Knowles displays much originality and by his excellent comedy gets his audience into a very happy state. There were many songs to catch the ear; and none others so welcome as those given by the Misses Melville and Stetson who now show much improvement in their singing and lingual imitations. Another specialty, the exceptionally good banjo playing of Miss A. Johnson, won repeated and well-merited encores. The show as a whole is bright and pleasant and well attains its avowed object of making people laugh.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Bernhardt will leave New York after this week. Her engagement there has been an unqualified success from a financial point of view.

After a rest of two months to recuperate Edwin Booth returned to work this week. He plays at the Broadway theater, New York, and is supported by Lawrence Barrett.

On one occasion Charles Kean and his father, Edmund Kean, acted at a benefit. The play was Brutus and the theater was overcrowded. The performance completely subdued the great audience. They sat suffused in tears during the last pathetic interview until Brutus, overpowered by his emotions, falls on the neck of Titus, exclaiming, in a burst of agony: "Embrace thy wretched father!" While the theater rang with applause Edmund Kean shocked his son's artistic sensibilities by whispering in his ear: "Charlie, my boy, we're doing the trick!"

The man who discovered Julia Marlowe, and more than any other perhaps, was responsible for her stage career, is in a Louisville jail to answer a charge of theft. Lev Steele is this man, and he is a Cincinnatian. Twenty years ago he was one of the best known managers in the West. His discovery of Julia Marlowe was accidental, and was shared by Robert E. J. Miles, another manager in Cincinnati. They found the girl, in 1878, in obscure circumstances, and, detecting in her fondness for music and her full rich voice a promise of talent, they placed her at the head of a juvenile Pinafore troupe; and in that way Julia Marlowe made her first bow before the footlights.

One of the authentic traditions of the theater is the circumstance that once on a time Lester Wallack magnificently reminded one of the actors in his company that a gentleman ought always to remain unconscious of his coat tails. Blakeley Hall makes history of the tradition. The scene, he says, was on the stage at Wallack's theater at a rehearsal. Osmond Tearle, the leading man, approached the leading lady in one of the scenes, and, grabbing his coat tails from behind, pulled them up and seated himself comfortably beside her. Thereupon Mr. Wallack reprimanded him in a characteristic way. He did not say that "every gentleman should have at least twelve coats," so as not to be afraid of rumpling them, "gentlemen have so many coats that they can afford to sit upon them," or, "no man can be a gentleman unless he is supplied with so many clothes that he does not have to take elaborate care of them." What Mr. Wallack did say after Mr. Tearle's maneuver was, "keep your hands in front of you when you sit down, Mr. Tearle. No gentleman should be conscious of his coat tails when in the presence of a lady."

It is well known that Mr. Barrett and Mr. Booth are almost inseparable friends. When they are in town they live at the Players' Club, and when Mr. Barrett is out of it he is usually rehearsing at the theater in which he may be playing. In fact, he rehearses most of the time, to the great annoyance of his company. Mr. Barrett believes in working for his living. It is related by an actor, who overheard the conversation, that a few mornings since Mr. Barrett left earlier than usual to go to the theater. Mr. Booth had ensconced himself with a pipe and newspaper, and looked at his companion in surprise.

"Whither now, Larry?" asked the great tragedian.

"To rehearse," answered Mr. Barrett, as he fastened another button.

"To rehearse? Are you always rehearsing?" queried Booth. "It seems to me you are doing more of it than usual, lately."

"Well, you see, we have a new piece on Saturday."

"And pray, what is the name of it?"

"Romeo and Juliet."

"Come now, Larry," laughed Booth, "and what part do you play?"

Mr. Barrett appeared for an instant dazed. "What part do you suppose?" he said.

"Pray, how should I know?" answered Booth, very seriously. "Is it the nurse?"

Barrett left the club in three mighty strides.

The Edwin Forrest Home, in a Philadelphia suburb, now contains thirteen beneficiaries, eight of whom are women and five are men. John Ernest McCann was a recent visitor, and, in *Echoes of the Week*, he describes the house as packed with objects of art. There are paintings, etchings, marble busts, marble figures of heroic size, bronzes, a piano, a library of eight thousand volumes that are a delight to look at, and Talma's sword, and all the swords and daggers used by Forrest in his different parts. The portraits are numerous and valuable. There are the burnt remains of the Folio of 1663, in a glass case, which cost Mr. Forrest $6,000. There is a highly valuable lot of Edwin Forrest, the racer, and a great collection of other curiosities relating to Forrest and the stage. Mr. McCann estimates that each of the inmates would have to spend $10,000 a year to live as luxuriously elsewhere. "If they want to go down to Philadelphia," he says, "their fares are paid. They can go off to other States on visits if they wish, and their fares are paid, also. There are seven rooms on the first floor, seven on the third floor, ten rooms on second floor, and two bathrooms. Everything is like wax. Neat isn't the name for it. The dining-room contains one large table with fourteen chairs around it. There is a massive sideboard, covered with the solidest of silver. There is a china closet that would make Brayton Ives' eyes bulge. There are cut-glass decanters and glasses. Everything is rich and solid and in perfect taste. And everything was bought by Mr. Forrest. He must have been a gentleman of rare delicacy of taste.

The following glimpse of Sara Bernhardt's home life is given by the *Argonaut*: "When there were no rehearsals toward, Mme. Bernhardt was generally to be found in her conservatory—not idle, you may be sure, for there never was a more active woman in the world than she—now modeling in clay, now busy with a manuscript, filling the margin with notes, now conning some new part. She does not rise early, of course, since she is seldom in bed before two or three, for she always sups on returning from the theater. It was her habit to invite friends—generally some of those who happened to visit her in her dressing-room at the Porte St. Martin—and the servants had standing orders to prepare a meal for several persons. The *dejeuner*, too, was always a social repast, and invariably included some members of her family. On fine days, when luncheon was over, the windows of the dining-room would be thrown open, and passers-by would catch glimpses of the merry party within: Saryta, with her glory of golden hair; sober, stout Jeanne Bernhardt; middle-aged Mme. Richard, her aunt and general manager; Maurice, tall and somewhat gaunt; the charming little brunette, his wife; "Baby"—a fine boy of two years now—in his Bourguignon nurse's arms, and often, too, the short crop and masculine features of Sara's great friend and crony, Louise Abbema. Saryta, her aunt's godchild, being afflicted with a growing tendency to *embonpoint*, tries to keep it in check by plenty of exercise, and, by the time the family assembled at the midday meal, would have had her canter round the lakes, or driven miles in the buggy, accompanied only by a groom, riding and driving the horses with which the Bernhardt stables were always well provided, not that Sara herself needs more than a pair to drive her to and fro from the theater, as she goes out very little, and then, generally, only to some art show or other, having no taste for creeping along the drive or exhibiting herself to the curiosity of the public.

The London music hall of old, says the New York *Sun*, has evolved itself into a regular variety theater, as the term is understood in America. The hoarse-voiced chairman with his fathomless accommodation for liquor, has been crowded out of the business, and in place of the drinking tables there are now luxurious theater chairs, with a small rack in front of each for glasses. It is a misnomer, certainly, to call such spacious and pretentious theaters as the Empire and Alhambra "music halls," and there is an effort on the part of the managers to have them termed "Theaters of Varieties," which is surely more appropriate, considering the splendid entertainments presented in them. Ballet is the principal form of entertainment in these two houses, and such exquisite ballet as has never been seen in an American theater. At the Pavilion, Trocadero, and Tivoli the old style of comic singing constitutes the main feature of the programme, a programme so long that it continues without cessation from eight o'clock till twelve. The facts that each performer appears at various halls every night, thus making his hire by one manager comparatively inexpensive; that, also, prices exist equal to those charged in the first-class theaters of New York, and that the liquor receipts are very large, combine to make a music hall in London profitable to its proprietor, whereas an establishment of similar dimensions run on the American plan would mean immediate bankruptcy. It gives a notion of the infantile spirit in which the music hall patron takes his entertainment when it is known that his favorite song at present is one called Hi-tiddley-hi-ti-hi-ti-hi," in which a very inebriated young man tells a long story of how he made a night of it, and was arrested for breaking windows and otherwise misconducting himself. The Zulu refrain merely represents the uncontrollable hilarity of the young man when words will not express his tumultuous joy, and he feels impelled to burst forth in a wild self-congratulation of drunkenness, Hi-tiddley-hi-ti-hi-ti-hi! This song is so effective that it causes an immediate rush in the bar business every time it is sung.

Art and Artists.

Those who have had opportunities for observing have seen a great change for the better in Canadian art during the past three years. Recently it has assumed a healthier attitude, and shows something tangible in the way of promising work and distinct advancement. The ranks of our artists have been increased by a valuable reinforcement of young men, both native and foreign, who have come to the work with fresh ideas, strong hearts and new methods and thereby have given the whole art body a fresh stimulus, which, at one time it sadly needed. Many of these young men have studied abroad at different times and, enthused by the art life and art atmosphere of the old world, have come back to Canada to achieve such results from the material which surrounds them here as they otherwise would never have done.

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One of these young men whose conscientious artistic work is bringing him into prominence is Mr. Charles M. Manly. I paid a visit to Mr. Manly's studio in the Canada Life building the other day and was shown some of the results of his last summer's work in England. He is a firm believer in working directly from nature and the fresh and vigorous work done by him last summer is indicative of the value of that belief. This work consists chiefly of landscapes picked up on the Devonshire moors, in Sussex, on the Cornwall coast, amid the sylvan loveliness of Kent and on the south of Ireland. They are distinctly in advance of any of his previous work and show that both in composition and treatment he is going ahead rapidly. Mr. Manly is not a Canadian by birth, but has lived here since his early youth. He was born at Eaton near Windsor in Surrey. After leaving school he began to study lithography in Toronto. He aspired to study art in England, and went to London at about the age of twenty. There he worked in the great lithographic establishment of McClure & Macdonald, and studied in the evening at Heatherley's School of Fine Arts, Newman street. After spending three years at this he took the position of head artist in the City Printing and Lithographing Co. of Dublin and attended evening Classes at the Metropolitan School of Art, under the late Edwin Lyne. After two years spent in Dublin he returned to London and did illustrating for the magazines. For several years he continued illustrating during the winters, spending the summers painting and sketching out of doors. Since he has lived in Canada with the exception of occasional visits to England. He has reproduced some of ancient Quebec's picturesque bits and also some of the better known beauties of the Humber. Mr. Manly's artistic tendency is strongly toward landscape, but at the same time he recognizes the importance of figure work, in which he is no unskilled hand. In fact, his object is to work the subject up till it fairly counterbalances the landscape by the introduction of figures, etc. The artist whom Mr. Manly has studied most particularly is Mr. Alfred Parsons, although he confesses to owing much to the study of Messrs. E. A. Waterlow and Henry Moore among modern men, and such men as Turner, Copley Fielding, David Cox and De Wint among the classics of the English landscape school. The untiring devotion and perseverance which have advanced Mr. Manly to his present position will raise him to a very high position in his profession at a no distant date. He has the spirit of the true artist who aims at truth and is not afraid to work to achieve his object.

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The opening of the exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy here has given art matters a fresh stimulus. I understand that the selection of pictures has been very rigorous and that the exhibition will comprise only the best work. This is commendable as too much slovenly work has heretofore been allowed on the walls of our exhibitions. It is doubtful if this policy of hanging pictures to fill space was the best even when the art of the country was in a very poor condition. It certainly is not when we have arrived at the dignity of a Royal Academy. A new feature is also put in practice in hanging pictures a little distance apart so that the colors of one will not rob another.

VAN.

'Varsity Chat.

The hour appointed for the annual examinations to begin is rapidly approaching, and here and there may be heard the voices of students who now bewail the loss of misspent nights. It is easy to form resolutions, write them out on unruled paper and paste them in a conspicuous place in one's study room, but it is no light matter to abide by the terms of such a document. The annual Literary Society elections will be on in two weeks and resolutions will be broken anew. The man who takes no part in the elections cannot be called true to his *alma mater*.

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A feature of college life in recent years is the strong evangelical spirit that has grown up among the students. Everywhere this power is on the increase and our colleges are not behind any other in the world. During the past few days missionary matters have received a large amount of attention. At the public meeting of the Knox College Students' Missionary Society, on Friday evening of last week, addresses were delivered by Mr. T. H. Rogers, B.A., and Rev. W. G. Wallace, M.A., B.D. They dealt with the encouragements and difficulties of Canadian mission work and the ideal which a missionary should cultivate in order to overcome the difficulties and be successful in his calling.

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This week a two days' missionary conference was conducted by the students and graduates of Wycliffe College, when addresses were delivered by leading men, lay and clerical, in the Anglican Church. The Ven. Archdeacon Pratt who has had twenty-five years' experience as a missionary among the Indians in Rupert's Land, spoke effectively of the work done in carrying the gospel to the heathen Indian.

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The appeal on behalf of the Toronto Medical Students' Mission to Corea, for funds to assist Dr. Hardie, the missionary of the students in the far off land, has been responded to by a number of the friends of the students and the cause in which they are interested, and money has been sent to Dr. Hardie.

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At the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. last week Sir Daniel Wilson delivered an address on The Supernatural in Religion. He strongly asserted his belief in miracles, the divinity of Christ and the resurrection of the dead. These matters were neither legends nor myths, but realities supported by historical evidence of the highest order. The New Testament he said was submitted to severer tests than were applied to any other historical document, and yet it stood all these tests. Sir Daniel's opinion of the men who answer all questions regarding religion with an "I don't know," is that they are not very well informed. He thinks that the intelligence of such must be low or they must have warped their minds so as not to be able to take a proper view of Christian doctrines. The address was well received and the students were much impressed by the thoughts presented regarding the doctrines of the New Testament.

A number of the 'Varsity students attended Rev. Dr. Newman's lecture in McMaster Hall, on Tuesday evening last, on The Thirty Years' War. The lecturer gave an excellent sketch of the great politico-ecclesiastical movement which gave rise to the struggle that continued from 1618 to 1648 and was brought to a close by the peace of Westphalia.

The medicals held their annual election on Friday evening of last week in their college building Gerrard street east, and for a time the world was full of life and energy. The society gives promise of being an important factor in the university. The series of public lectures by distinguished men conducted this year and last year, have added to the prestige of the organization. The officers for the year 1891-92 are as follows: President, Dr. G. A. Peters; first vice-president, J. J. Harper; second vice-president, J. N. Harvie; corresponding secretary, George Clingham; recording secretary, J. B. Peters; treasurer, Dr. John Ferguson; assistant treasurer, J. H. Alway; curator, S. Agnew; councillors, J. F. Pinkham, J. McCullough, W. J. Smuck, J. H. Hopkins and H. J. Way.

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W. N. Barnhart on the recommendation of Dr. G. A. Peters and Dr. John Caven, has been awarded the Ferguson medal. This medal was founded by Dr. John Ferguson and is under the control of the 'Varsity Medical Society.

DRAX ALEEN.

Kill or Cure.

Defendant—Now, docthor, by vartue of your oath, didn't I say "Kill or cure, docthor, I'll give you a guinea!" and didn't you say "Kill or cure, I'll take it!"

Doctor—You did; and I agreed to the bargain, and I want the guinea accordingly.

Defendant—Now, docthor, by vartue of your oath, answer this: "Did you cure my wife!"

Doctor—No; she's dead. You know that.

Defendant—Then, docthor, by vartue of your oath, answer this: "Did you kill my wife!"

Doctor—No; she died of her illness.

Defendant (triumphantly to the bench)—Your worship, see him! You heard him tell our bargain; it was to kill or cure. By vartue of his oath he done neither, and he axes his fee!

The Photographic Nuisance.

"There, Miss Arethusa, won't you lift your chin up a little? There. And now if you will hold up that racquet carelessly—like that will do. Now I guess we are ready. Hold on. By George! I forgot to bring out any plate with me. Stand just as you are for fifteen minutes until I go to the house and get one."

By a Squeeze.

At a social gathering in Harlem, a young lady who was an accomplished vocalist was asked several times to sing, but refused.

"You remind me of a singing doll," remarked Gus de Smith; "you must be pressed to sing."
—*Texas Siftings.*

The Dear Girls.

Ethel—Do you think that all my thoughts are of love?

Maud—Oh, no, dear. On the contrary, they seem to me to be almost exclusively of marriage.
—*Munsey's.*

Her Tyrant Master.

With cheeks aglow from kisses of the frost,
Blue laughing eyes, and shining hair, wind-tossed,
She comes in breathless, bright, a little late,
Fair as a dream, but pitiless as Fate.

She struggles with her rubbers on the mat,
Lays by her jacket and hangs up her hat,
Pulls off her gloves, and sweetly thoughtful stands
Beside the register, to warm her hands.

I look up, at her soft "good morning;" then
I mumble "morning," and lay down my pen.
And then her task begins, and, like a Turk,
I keep her—how remorselessly—at work!

She's my typewriter yet, and I'm her "boss,"
I hear her tell the bookkeeper I'm "cross,"
And "hard to please." Great Scott! that isn't it.
If she could only know how hard I'm hit!

Oh, yes, I scold you, dear; I nag and yell,
Only because you please me far too well;
Also, because I'd like to knock in two
The tall young fellow who walks home with you.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES in *Puck*.

Thine Eyes.

For Saturday Night.

In dreamland once I wandered all alone,
Where all the forest trees great raindrops wept
In sullen silence; tears that soon were swept
Away unpitied. E'en the night wind's moan
Was hushed by murmurs of some swollen stream,
Tant rolled the fallen rain-clouds through the night,
Till in its deeper waters shone the light
Of Heaven's stars. Then soon their silvery gleam
Was dimmed; a flush of brighter glory shone
Above the clouds, and o'er a stream of gold,
The moonbeams, stealing, kissed me while they told
Such tales of love that I awoke. 'Twas dawn.
Moonbeams, dream flashes from those eyes of thine,
Were drowned in purer light; thine eyes met mine.

RADCLIFFE.

Resurgere.

For Saturday Night.

The winsome child who leaves his well worn toy
As sad memento, sees the angel's wing,
Hears heavenly music, so much greater joy
And leaves to his glad hope to soothe the sting.

The sunset sky of richest purple hue,
Tinged with red gold which turns so soon to gray,
Tells of the glorious morn in its adieu
Ere yet its beauties quite have passed away.

The robin, piping out his pretty note,
Pluming with care his never-tiring wing,
Into our hearts so gladly sends the hope
Of summer, ere we feel it in the spring.

The little rivulet, now lying still
In icy clasp, will ripple in its play
O'er pebbly bottom, and with rapture thrill
Our hearts as it goes on its happy way.

The little violet hiding now away
Its beauty rare within the mossy glen,
In royal purple yet will glad hold sway
And cheer us with its perfume soon again.

MRS. J. ELLIOTT LEMMON.

Nightfall in Dordrecht.

The mill goes toiling slowly around,
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak;
While round and round the big white wings
Grimly and ghost-like creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And, over his pot of beer,
The fisher, against the morrow's dawn,
Lustily maketh cheer;
He mocks at the winds that caper along
From the far off clamorous deep,
But we—we love their lullaby-song
Of "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Shaggy old Fritz, in slumber sound,
Groans of the stony mart—
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you around,
Hitched to our new milk cart!
And you shall help me blanket the kine
And fold the gentle sheep,
And set the herring a-soak in brine—
But now, little tulip, sleep!

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies
And scolds at the stars that wink;
Over your face the misty wings
Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And, rocking your cradle, she softly sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

EUGENE FIELD.

At Lententide.

At Lententide my lady Sue
In robes of gloomy, sombre hue,
With shyly sacramental air,
Bends low her head in silent prayer
In yonder cushioned, high-backed pew.

Soft eyes reveal their tender hue
Bathed in sweet penitential dew,
Where wily Cupid hath his lair
At Lententide.

In vain I seek a glance or two;
She reads the solemn psalter through,
The Litany chants soft with care,
And as she nestles lower there
My worldly heart kneels with her too
At Lententide.

—*Life.*

Caught.

They were sitting by the fireside,
On a very frosty night,
And their heads were close together
And they talked of—well—the weather,
Or, perhaps—the "Injun" fight.

As their chat grew more engrossing
Near and nearer yet he drew
Till her fair hair brushed his shoulder,
And in trembling tones he told her
Of the—sorrows of the Sioux.

Then he put his arms about her
In the dimly lighted room,
And they saw naught but each other,
Never heard her bad, small brother
Stealing softly through the gloom.

Till a flash dispelled the darkness,
And a shrill voice cried with glee:
"Caught your photo—you and sister—
Pa will like to know you kissed her—
Buy the negative from me?"

—*Photographic Times.*

Noted People.

Father Ignatius and Paul Boyton are rival attractions in St. Augustine, Fla.

James Gordon Bennett, with a party of friends, is enjoying himself at Nice.

Bellamy's Looking Backward has reached its three hundred and fifteth thousand.

Theophile Gautier's daughter, Judith, is said to inherit her father's poetical talents.

Helen Gardener, the author of Is This Your Son, My Lord? is a daughter of Julia Warde Howe.

George Meredith is credited with this epigram: "Dear to a woman's heart as old china, is a bad man she is mending."

Mrs. William Morris, wife of the London artist, poet and socialist, is said to be the most beautiful woman in the world.

Mrs. Cleveland recently declined a request from a magazine, inclosing five hundred dollars, for her personal recollections of the White House.

The body of the late Alexander William Kinglake, the English historian of the Crimea, was cremated in England, according to his last expressed wish.

Miss Davenport, the Irish governess, of the juvenile king of Spain, gets $3 500 a year salary, and will soon be entitled to a life pension of $2 500 a year.

Mme. Patti's illness in Bristol has disturbed financial arrangements amounting to more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for subscription concerts.

Only one member of the Bonaparte family is left in Corsica, the home of the great founder of the family. The wife of Lucien Bonaparte, the Princess Marianne, who separated from her husband, lives in the village of Ajaccio as secluded as a nun.

The Queen of Denmark is a fine pianist, and her daughter, the Czarina, is nearly as good. At the Danish court, chamber music is a daily occupation, generally a quartette with the Queen at the piano. Beethoven and Brahms are the favorite composers.

The Princess of Wales has given orders that nothing need be submitted for her inspection, or that of her daughters, in which birds are used as trimming. It is to be hoped that prominent American women will follow her example. The war on birds is a disgrace to civilization.

Mrs. Tennant, mother of Mrs. Stanley, says to an interviewer: "In America, as in England, there are thousands and thousands of sweet, lovely, worthy girls who are fading away because there are no husbands for them. This is really deplorable, and a question of far more importance, in my mind, than the labor problem."

Francis the Second of Naples, that luckless Bourbon dunce whose throne Garibaldi overthrew in 1860, and who is said to be one of Daudet's "kings in exile," still lives in aimless comfort in Paris, where his sole activity is walking once a day from his apartment to the Church of St. Philippe to say his prayers. He is rather small and insignificant.

A large apartment house in which the "Looking Backward" scheme of Mr. Edward Bellamy is to be tried, is now being built at Omaha, Neb. The cooking will all be done in one kitchen, and it remains to be seen whether the twenty-five families, who are to occupy the house, will make a success of co-operative housekeeping on so large a scale.

Lady Paget's new book, Hints on Health, contains some unique prescriptions. The remedy for acute toothache is, "Exert your will power strongly: say 'I won't feel the pain,' and speedily it will cease." She denounces beef tea, and flannel worn next the skin. For a cold she recommends a brief cold foot bath, with a brisk walk afterward.

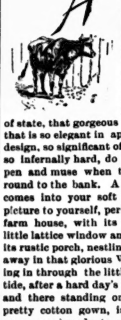
From Bergen, Norway, comes the news of a practical charity contemplating relief to a deserving class, which, however, in our changing domestic conditions, does not make so ready a call upon our sympathies as in older lands. Mrs. S. Sundt has given two houses and fifty thousand kr. to establish a home for aged women servants no longer able to work for their own support.

The King of Spain is still a baby; the Queen of Holland is no more than a school girl; the Emperor of Austria has, owing to the death of Prince Rudolph, no son to fill his throne; Emperor William of Germany would, if he passed away, leave nobody as his successor to be Kriegs Herr, or War Lord, except a boy of eight. The Czarowitz of Russia is twenty-two, but he is unmarried, and the Prince of Naples, heir to the Italian throne, is also childless.

The death of Octave Feuillet leaves but one survivor of the eminent generation of writers to which belonged Alphonse Karr, who died last autumn: Victor Hugo, born in 1802; Balzac, in 1719; Dumas *pere*, in 1806; George Sand, in 1804; Sainte Beuve, in 1804; Alfred de Musset, in 1810; Theophile Gautier, in 1811. Arsene Houssaye, who is seventy-eight years old, remains the sole star of this extraordinary brilliant circle. After them were born the generation of Theodore de Banville, Baudelaire, Flauvert, Dumas *fils*, varying from 1820 to 1830. Then has come the generation of Zola, Alphonse Daudet (1840 and 1845); then Guy de Maupassant, Paul Bourget and their disciples, who are from thirty to forty years of age.

In her literary letter to the Chicago *Tribune*, Miss Jeannette Gilder writes: "Mr. S. S. McClure arranged with Mr. Kipling for the 'syndicate rights' in his novelette, The Light that Failed. This story ran through a number of newspapers, and was then published in one issue of *Lippincott's Magazine*. Mr. Kipling's agent in London protested that Mr. McClure had no right to dispose of the story for publication in its entirety for one issue. Mr. McClure contended that *Lippincott's*, being a magazine, came under the head of periodicals, and that he had a right to sell it to a periodical to publish as it pleased. Mr. Kipling, like Brer Fox, 'lay low,' and he has got his revenge for what he regards as shabby treatment, by writing at least a third more than the original story for the authorized Macmillan edition, and entirely reversing the denouement of the plot. So that those publishers who have brought out the book from the syndicate versions have not got the tale as most readers will want it."

Ox Driving as a Fine Art.



OW often, ye city men, ye clerks, ye drummers, ye toilers in the metropolis, do ye not press your white and bloodless hands to your fevered brows, and pine for the glorious freedom of the Western prairies! How often in hot and sweltering summer, perched on your chair of state, that gorgeous emblem of your office, that is so elegant in appearance, so simple in design, so significant of your high estate, so—so infernally hard, do you not lay down your pen and muse when the Boss has just gone round to the bank. A far away dreamy look comes into your soft and hazel eye, as you picture to yourself, perhaps, some rustic little farm house, with its old brown thatch, its little lattice window and clematis climbing up its rustic porch, nestling in some quiet hollow away in that glorious West, and yourself coming in through the little garden gate at eventide, after a hard day's work in the hay field, and there standing on the threshold, in her pretty cotton gown, is—(fill it in yourself, young man) ready to welcome you home. Or perhaps you have a more venturesome spirit, more heroic, martial. You have old Viking blood in your veins. You conjure up a scene. You are a scout. You with some more to help you are "on the trail," pursuing the cruel and crafty Indians. Your blood boils. The incarnate monsters have sacked and burned the village. You are too late—too late to save, but in time to seek revenge. After the fiends! no mercy! no quarter! You flourish you pen round your head. Hurrah!—you are up with them, not one shall escape; you brandish your deadly weapon. Down comes the blow and utterly smashes your favorite pen, and mars the beauty of that fair invoice you have labored at this hot and sultry afternoon. To complete the catastrophe, you hear behind you that well known voice, "Hurry up Mr. Jones, we have only half an hour to get all these letters off!"

I sympathize with your aspirations—but does it not occur to you, that perhaps with all its freedom, there may perhaps be some things that are a little too free—the festive mosquito for instance, the gentle zephyr that in winter time, in fitful humor sings around your rustic homestead, toys in very waywardness with the locks on your noble brow, and is cold enough to "freeze the tail off a brass monkey."

Then, doubtless, in this pastoral elysium that you have sketched for yourself, the "gentle kine" have a prominent part. You feel you have some little knowledge in this department. Didn't you stay back summer holidays on a real farm for nearly a fortnight! At dewy eve, used you not to sit out in the veranda and watch the "kye come hame," and as they in single file, came slowly round the fence to the yard gate, those beautiful lines came back to you:

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."

You shudder, however, as you recall one painful incident that shattered your lovely reverie. The cattle were at the gate. They hesitated. Then a monster in human guise, rushed forward, and before your horrified eyes, grasped the tail of a gentle, timorous heifer, and with brutal violence, twisted it into a corkscrew pattern, and with a sidelong movement, she shot through that gate.

Did you ever drive oxen? No? Well, then, you've missed it. Having been there myself I can solemnly assure you that I believe it is a vocation, a calling, a pastime, that offers more brilliant opportunities for exhibiting your command over your "old brute nature" than any other I have heard of, seen, or read about in history, or culled from the mystic pages of legendary lore. There is only one other that, in my humble opinion, approaches within hailing distance of it, and that is fitting stovepipes in a shanty in the Nor'-West, a hundred miles from nowhere, night coming on and the fire out three hours! I honestly believe that the gentle, peaceable, domestic ox is responsible for a greater amount of envy, hatred, malice, blasphemy and evil temper than any other four-footed beast! He has caused—not innocently, for he knows it and delights and revels in it—many a shipwreck of good men's piety.

Let us suppose you have just arrived in Winnipeg. You are bound to the West. You are told that it is absolutely necessary to purchase a yoke of oxen. A "gentleman" you meet in the hotel says: "What you want to do is to go right out and buy a team o' cattle. You ken get them a lot cheaper in Winnipeg than you can out West. They are all a layin' for new hands out there, and don't forget to sock it to yer." You thank him and think how kind it is of a stranger to take so much interest in you.

"Perhaps you could recommend me to some good place where I could buy a pair," you say.

"You just bet, I'm the very lad that can. I know a man up town that maybe has a team or two left. Say! I'll go with you—I kinder took a fancy to you, when you just come in, and I would'nt like to see you took in."

Thus accompanied, you sally out. Your obliging guide soon finds his friend's place. "Got a yoke of cattle to sell?"

"Yes, but you're only just in time, there is two or three parties wantin' this team, as they are a dead bargain, but they got no place to put 'em and I ain't goin' to keep 'em for no man. Any one wantin' a first-class, young, well broken team, can't do better than buy these."

"That's so," chimes in our friend of the hotel. "Just look at 'em! Ain't they a picture? Say, Bill, just hitch em' up and show the gentleman how they are broke." Bill accordingly hitches them up, and drives them round the yard. "G'lang 'ere, Haw!" he shouts. "Back, gee, whoa!"

Very good, indeed, you say. So indeed it is. They know as well as possible who is driving! Satisfied now that all is right you make your purchase, and probably do not pay more than $30 or $40 more than you would have to do had you waited until you had arrived at your destination! You then have them put on the cars, along with many other things that are "absolutely essential" for the West, such as repeating rifles, bowie knives, revolvers, etc., and start out for the part of the country you have decided to locate in.

The next day you arrive, have your oxen taken from the car over to the hotel stables, unship the rest of your baggage and get all in readiness for a move to some friend's farm which you hear is not far off.

Then the game begins. You hire an old wagon from the hotelkeeper to go out to your friend's place. The stable man hitches up for you, and shows you the trail. You had noted carefully that "gee" meant the right, and "haw" meant left.

Now then, "go on!" Off you start! The oxen are quite willing. There is no new grass in the village. They are quite unanimous about going on. "There's no trick in driving oxen," you think. "I am certain the right way is gentleness." You get on famously for about a mile. You look round the country, everything is so new and strange. You hardly notice that the oxen have stopped. They are pulling the nice new grass ravenously. "Don't they like it, poor fellows, after that dry hay! I'll let them eat for a few minutes." Very good—they nibble on, step by step off the trail.

After a time you decide to move on again. But you have reckoned without your host. "Go on! Get up, my lads!" There is not the slightest responsive movement. Scrunch, scrunch, they tear the grass. "Hi! Get on! Haw there!" Still no notice is taken. "They surely can't be deaf," you think. Louder—"Go on, now, boys; get up there, will you! Geeround!" Still no good. "I'll touch them up a little," you think, and you pick up a stick that is in the wagon and raise it to give them a gentle tap. Now there is movement. As soon as they see you lift the stick, off they go, so suddenly that you lose your balance and tumble backwards over the seat into the wagon box.

"Hi, Whoa! Whoa, will you!" You feel a little exasperated, for you have grazed your shins. After going a few yards they stop. Down go their heads to the grass again.

You are some way off the trail now. "I think I had better lead them," you think. So down you get and catch one of the head ropes. "Come on now, boys, gee up!" The one you lead "comes on"; the other one sticks to the grass. You lean over and touch him up. "Hi, whoa, not so fast," as they start off again. You are getting a trifle confused now. "What does gee mean again? Oh, yes, left, of course. Now then, gee round." Round they go to the right. "I think they must be a little obstinate; I shall have to correct them. Take that you! Now then, gee round!" Round it is, still to the right. "Look here, you're not going to make a fool of me." You grasp the rope tighter. "Come here, will you! gee!" The cattle feel something is wrong. Some one has blundered. They toss their heads and nearly take your eye out. "What the—what are you doing!" (You are getting a little hotter.) "I'll show you who is boss," and you jump into the wagon again.

"Get up, you brutes! Take that! Haw, will you! Get on! gee." Off we go. "Hi! whoa! whoa! not so fast!" No use now. The louder you shout the faster they go. "By Jove, you brutes, I'll stop you." You jump out of the wagon again. They see you this time. As you come up on one side they wheel off to the other. "Whoa! whoa! whoa! will you, you——" You run round the back of the wagon and come up the other side. Round they go the opposite way. You are going pretty fast and getting out of breath. Your blood is up. "I'll fix you, you blanked brutes, when I get up. Haw round! Gee! whoa! Will you stop!" The more you shout the worse they get. From a fast walk to a trot, from a trot to a canter, away they go, whack, bang, bang, bump, over the rough ground.

It's too late now for gentleness! Good-bye now to all your good resolutions. A wild desire to catch them and have revenge alone possesses you. "Whoa! whoa! you blankety, blankety, brutes! I'll knock the stuffin' out of you." Faster and faster they go. There is a pond or "slue" right ahead. "Now I'll have them," you think. Nearer they get to the water. "I'll fix you now my lads." Don't be too sure.

They get to the water's edge. You expect to see them stop, but not a bit of it. Right into the water they go. If you want to catch them now you will have to wade. Deeper and deeper till they are up to the knees, and then they stop. You are on the dry land, thev in the middle of the water. Nothing will induce them to move. You shout and yell, throw stones, swear, beg, entreat—all to no purpose. But relief is at hand. You see another team coming along, and run across and beg the teamster's help. To your great joy it is the very friend you are going to see! You explain the situation. Under his experienced guidance the oxen are at last induced to leave the water, and before long you arrive at your friend's house. Then you reflect that it is easier to look on than perform.

You may think this overdrawn? Just ask anyone who has tried it.

I remember last summer a new man arrived in the settlement. He had been at sea since boyhood, but he, too, was seized with a longing to settle down to a quiet, peaceful life, and started with buying a yoke of oxen. He was usually a quiet-tempered man, but when roused was a perfect lion!

Well, he started out in front of the shanty to drive his new team. After a little while I looked out. Things did not seem to be going quite right. They seemed to be walking round and round in a circle. Presently I looked again. They were going faster now. Jack seemed to be excited. I heard him shouting.

Presently something went wrong, for I saw a wild flourishing of a stick, wild shouts and other words, a confused mess of oxen, wagon, harness, stick, Jack and oaths. Then the cattle seemed to get clear, and they set off at a gallop across the prairie. About an hour afterwards I saw Jack sitting outside the shanty.

"Anything the matter with the cattle, Jack?" I said sweetly.

"Eh! What! Matter! The port ox would go to starboard and the starboard to port, and then they got all mixed up in the riggin!"

Oh, ye city men, ye clerks, perhaps you don't realize the comforts of the city. There are plenty of worse ways of driving out than in a street car, plenty of harder seats than a three-legged stool. Think twice before abandoning the many comforts you are surrounded with for the illusionary ones of the West, or you, too, may get all mixed up in the rigging.

H. C. MICHELL.

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

—Life.

What Women Wear.

In answer to queries from the *Strand Magazine* the following artists have written thus of women's dress: Sir Frederic Leighton.—Whatever may be the criticisms to which the dress of a lady in our day is open, there is a vast amount of nonsense talked about it. Titian and Velazquez would probably have been very happy to paint it. Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.—I don't know that the present style of "ladies' dress," when not pushed to extremes and exaggerations, can be very much objected to. Mr. Du Maurier, in *Punch*, is able, without violating truth, to make it look very graceful and charming. Such portions as are easily put on and taken off need not be soberly, much less severely, criticized. . . . No lady can be really well and beautifully dressed if what she wears outrages Nature's intentions in the structure of the human frame. Such outrages are: a waist like a stove pipe, shoes that compress the toes into a crumpled mass of deformity, and, it might even be added, gloves that confine the hand till it looks little better than a fin—but as this inflicts no permanent injury, it does not matter—but the foot is irredeemably ruined, to the destruction of spring and grace in movement, and to no inconsiderable injury to health. Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A.—I think much can be done by right-minded girls by careful selection and wholesome reform in such things as tight-lacing and high heels. I care not for the so-called high art school of millinery. Dresses that look like bedgowns of green serge, and little girls smothered in Kate Greenaway finery have, I seem to me, however picturesque intrinsically, in bad taste from their eccentricity. A young lady of real taste can always find amid the prevailing fashions some thing that her individuality; and those that have this taste invariably seem to do so.

The Hon. John Collier.—I should hardly venture to express an opinion on the delicate subject of modern female dress, were it not that in my double capacity of husband and portrait-painter I have been obliged to devote a great deal of attention to it. I think the outlook is, on the whole, encouraging. To begin with, there is much greater variety of style and freedom of choice than has obtained for a very long time..... Then, again, there is at present a happy absence of those monstrosities that have first offended, and then corrupted, our ideal of feminine form; the crinoline has long disappeared, and at least the bustle—perhaps the most odious of all these misshapenesses—has followed suit. Of course they may both reappear, and probably will do so, but freedom of choice is now so firmly established, that no one will be considered eccentric or unwomanly for refusing to adopt them..... If there must be a waist, I distinctly prefer the one placed under the armpits, in the fashion of the beginning of this century, for it is physically impossible to lie it so high in the upper part of the form, and having the division high up tends to minimize the most common defect of the English female figure, a want of length in the leg. Of course it is this very want of length that has led to the high heels, but the remedy is worse than the disease. It does not really give the impression of long leggedness, and it does alter and spoil the whole carriage of the body. The high heels also help to deform the feet by pressing the toes forward into the pointed ends of those terrible boots that are another disgrace to our civilization. Painters and sculptors have good cause to know that the modern female foot is a hideous one; but, happily, our taste has become accustomed to it when clothed, but when seen in its naked deformity it is a thing to shudder at.

Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.—My ideal of "a beautiful woman, beautifully dressed," is not yet defined! I am not very narrow-minded with regard to either point. From the Princess in gold and white samite, to the nut-brown maid with her gown of bodden grey and her bare feet, there are thousands that are good enough for me. The only bad ones are the pretentious and vulgar (dirt and fine feathers). I saw a little "æsthetic" creature the other day, with a sad, woe-begone costume in flabby colors, a mop of tousled hair, a painted mask of a face, all in keeping, except it a boots—"side-spring," if you please (if anything so squashy could have a spring). She was only passing vision—but enough. I could but repeat with Madame Roland under the guillotine (was it Roland?) "O Liberty (and Co.), what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Mr. Wyke Bayliss, P.R.B.A.—The first essential in a woman's dress should be that the beauty of it must be a beauty that shall always be beautiful. No dress can be really beautiful that suggests a personal deformity. No dress can be really beautiful that suggests the carrying about of a machine. Primary or secondary colors should be used (like brass instruments in a fine orchestra) very sparingly. These are, of course, very general principles. But I am not an expert in millinery, and can only speak generally. I think, however, that there is a tolerably safe test that might be applied in carrying them out, namely, what will the dress look like in a picture? Would be too much to hope that the ladies of England may see fit to adopt the beautiful custom of wearing a special garment for church services? It would be in itself so seemly; it would add so much to the grace and dignity of our worship; it would be so agreeable a contrast to the parterre of bonnets in the lecture-room, and the pretty grouping of black and brown and golden hair—yes, and of silver, too—in the opera house, that I believe the suggestion has only to be fairly considered to be accepted. I ask, "Will the ladies see fit to do this?" because, after all, it is a woman's question. Men have a right to be considered; but a woman's dress, to be beautiful, must be the expression of a woman's mind, and the work of a woman's hand.

Both Had the Change and They Kept It.

A common, every-day incident that happens in street cars was never better illustrated than one which took place yesterday in a street car. Three women tripped more or less lightly therein on Midion avenue. As they sank into their seats two of them struggled desperately to open their pocketbooks, and when neither had succeeded each grasped the other's arm and exclaimed:

"Don't dear! I'll pay."

The small woman between them said nothing, and the conductor awaited further development before venturing in to collect the fares. The comedy goes on.

"I've got the change right here," says the woman on the right.

"So have I," responds the one on the left. The small woman sitting between them still said nothing, and the conductor approached to discharge his more or less disagreeable duty.

"Don't you dare to pay the fare," begs the woman on the right grasping the arm of the woman on the left.

"And don't you!" exclaimed the woman on the left, grasping the arm of the woman on the right.

The small woman between still says nothing, but as the conductor drops anchor before the trio she quietly pays the fare, while the woman on the right and the woman on the left express much indignation.

"That's always the way with these fussy women," remarked the conductor, "they never do anything, while the one that don't say nothing does it all."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

How to Know People.

People who never meet each other, except on full-dress parade, will never really come to know each other well.

A ball, a supper, an afternoon tea, a crowded reception, never made people acquainted yet. Some, the showy ones, are at their best in a crowd; others, are at their worst. They can never think of anything to say that is brilliant. They can never feel comfortable or at ease. Meeting them at some grand affair, you set them down as nobodies, or you wonder that a person who has made a great reputation appears so dull.

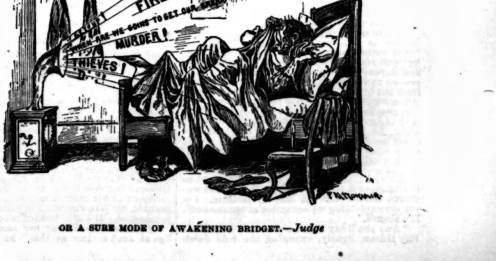
Frequently your opinion of these people will change when you have met them in their own homes. The brilliant ones who flash before a crowd have perhaps no depth in them—are able to talk, but incapable of listening. The others, who had no flow of small talk at their disposal, have many interesting things to say when the fitting opportunity offers, and say them well. But least of all can you come to know the heart of the man or the woman you meet in society only.

People of sense soon learn that all emotion, all feeling, all strong opinions are looked upon with disfavor by society. Society, mighty one's disapproval, however deep one's admiration of cause or man, it must not be expressed. The conventional nods and smiles, the conventional exclamations only, are desired. Every one is "lovely." Every performance is "delightful." Every one has enjoyed himself so much. No one is vulgar enough to think. The society paper mentions the affair, and dwells upon the costumes; and the greater the crowd, the hotter the room, the greater the success of the affair.

As for the people there, you know no more of them than you did when you were introduced, and if you meet them on such occasions only, you never will. Yet there are many worth knowing; friends who might lend your life a charm it could not have without them. Sometimes you feel this, but the old-fashioned sociable visiting is no more. No one drops in on another now. No one spends an evening with another in order to know her better. In fashionable circles, at least, ladies are too busy. Each in her turn sends out her cards and draws a little crowd together. One of the great pleasures of life, intimacy between those well suited to each other, has become a thing of the past.

N. Y. Ledger.

A New Application of the Phonograph;



OR A SURE MODE OF AWAKENING BRIDGET.—*Judge*

THE STAIN ON THE GLASS

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

CHAPTER I.

A LIGHT SNOW FALL.

"Hello!"

For an instant a shadow fell upon the handsome face of the young man pausing upon the crumbling stone wall, one leg over, the other about to follow, when he uttered this exclamation. A rifle was polised lightly over one broad shoulder, and the blue hunting-suit he wore showed to the best advantage his slender, well built figure.

"Hel-lo!" was the half-laughing rejoinder, as another young man appeared in the hollow beyond the wall. A light blouse and fallen pond no path was discernible through the scraggy bushes. "Hello, Hilton! You fellows have a fine day for the rabbit-hunt. Bagged anything? Where are the others? It's a disgrace of a shame that I couldn't join you, but—" He shrugged his shoulders suggestively, as he held out his hand to the young man on the fence.

For the space of a breath, Hilton did not claim the out-stretched hand. There was a peculiar expression in his blue eyes and a sudden compression of the lips under the blonde mustache. Then he laughed half-contemptuously and accepted the proffered hand.

"Yes, the day is fine, Chesney," he replied, with assumed carelessness. "This light snow makes it fine for the rabbits, but the animals themselves—"

Chesney laughed in great amusement.

"After all, Hilton, perhaps they know who could not take time for hunting because of a business engagement is as well off as the fellow who couldn't hunt because the rabbits wouldn't come out."

Then a swift change came over his face. His eyes, always keen in the presence of this man, were peculiarly so now. A frown marred his frank, good natured face.

"By George!" he said, with sudden vehemence, "Hilton, you are one of those lucky stars that your business relations do not bring you in contact with such persons as those with whom I have just been. Old Hardman—I told you about him, you remember—of mine Diogenes, without philosophy, living in an old tub of a house, with a lantern of greed, seeking an honest man's money. I always feel the creeps when with him. So grasping, you know. A man might expect his old, thin fingers to close pretty tight about his throat if there could be any money obtained. Ugh! And that niece of his is a veritable Delilah. Deuce take them. I feel lowered in my own estimation whenever business brings me in contact with them!"

"You said you had some disagreeable business to transact with him, I remember," said Hilton, slowly. A strange slowness for this man. "You described it very graphically in your letter. Some distance has here, isn't it? You described it pretty thoroughly."

Chesney laughed. Then a frown crossed his face.

"Yes," he said, half angrily. "A mighty disagreeable business his always is, I can tell you, Hilton! He's a man I would fear, if there were any chance against me with him. He would have no pity. And—he's afraid of me, of me, think of it!"

The young man laughed now—his own old cheery laugh that made him such a pleasant fellow, and pushed the snow aside with one boot, as though so he would push away any shadow from their conversation.

"And it was for him—so you wrote—that you must give up our party, Chesney. Why didn't you let him wait for your pleasure, anyway, any way? You would have enjoyed the hunt extremely."

"Even without the game!" said Chesney, easily. "But you see, Hilton, we business men cannot do as we would; we have to yield to the wishes of our clients. We have, in this affair, my partner and I, and, as he demanded my presence upon important business, I had to come. That is business, you know."

Silence for a moment. Scarcely perceptible in the woods, a squirrel uttered his short, staccato bark. A scurry of light, biting wind swept then through the leafless tops of hickory and oak, crackling the dry leaves upon the gray boughs and whirling a slight glitter of snow from the ground around and around their feet. Save for those noises, there was almost the coldness and hush of death in the great, lonely woods. The sky was very blue overhead; the snow was spotless as it stretched away as far as the eye could reach, save where the marks of each man's footsteps cut down to the mosses and dead leaves beneath.

The silence was growing awkward for both, each instinctively recalling how much the other had to do with his life, and it must at once be broken or leave them in its power.

"Well," said George Chesney, feeling this weight upon them, beating his hands swiftly and lightly together that a little blood might come benumbed by the cold, the shadow that seemed reflected from his companion's face lifting from his own—"well, this is very delightful, I must be off to Nyack. I walked through the woods from Nanuet to old Hardman's house—a pretty long walk, to be sure, but for a fellow who has been all the week up all day in the office or in some stuffy court, it is a regular outing, you see! I'm not so hard to please as you fellows who have to be at the wishes to consider. Of course, necessity is the master of the world's arts, they say; having walked to Hardman's, I am obliged to walk from there!

"You wrote you would walk and might possibly meet us here," Roy Hilton said, this strange uneasiness upon him. "I hoped this would be the case, but I seem to be the only fortunate one."

"And how does this happen!" queried Chesney, easily. "Where are the other fellows? Ten of you there are, I think! It's a shame I couldn't join you, but so the fates decide for and against one. Taken right out of my hands, you know! Maybe the old lady—Justice, of course—is blind-folded; but it seems to me she falls upon one fellow over and over again, as though she had some special spite against him, and knew instinctively which was he, even if she couldn't see. Perhaps I believe too thoroughly in fatality, Hilton. You're a steadier fellow, and have no such light ideas."

Roy joined in his laughter. A darkness settled in his eyes as they rested upon the frank face opposite. His lips looked almost cruel, shut close as they were beneath the blonde mustache. Then he swung himself clear of the wall and faced about. In that one instant of turning, he conquered a momentary weakness that change upon his face. He laughed easily, also; and his eyes, in their new expression, were pleasant to see.

"There is a fatality that shapes our lives, I believe as well as you, Chesney," he said. "Not without our own motives behind them, but still running straight on to results we have and impossible to avoid. Perhaps this will be proven to you when I say that here am I lost from the others, and the only one to meet you, when we all hoped to have that pleasure."

A new expression swept over Chesney's face. A shadow darkened his own eyes. For an instant, he bit his lip savagely as though to avoid making some reply other than he would allow himself to utter.

"A mutual pleasure," he said then, quietly. "I had no thought of meeting you here, Hilton. When you spoke, I at first thought it might be one of those mysterious warnings that our mediums tell us of. I'm not a medium. I'm merely explaining my sensation at the moment. It's absurd."

"Am you'll say that I am absurd also," said Roy Hilton, lightly, swinging the rifle down from his shoulder and resting the butt upon the ground, one hand upon the muzzle. "I think it absurd myself since meeting you so accidentally."

Chesney lifted his head with a sudden movement of suspicion. Was there intentional emphasis upon the last word? He was not a suspicious man, but his life and the strange, unfriendly relation existing between himself and Hilton, caused him to be sensitive. Then he shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"In what are you absurd, Hilton?" he queried, carelessly. "I do not think I expect you to utter such sentiments, and they need an explanation."

"Why—" there was a strange restlessness upon Roy Hilton, as he ground the impression of the rifle butt deeper and deeper into the dry and dead leaves, "why, to tell you the truth, Chesney, I believe I'm lost! We fellows were up on a ridge where the undergrowth was pretty thick, and we disagreed regarding the traces of rabbits, and, as I was in the little minority of one, I turned off to the right to put my ideas into practice and justify my claims, leaving the others to go on in the opposite direction. We were to meet at the break in the woods back on the Nyack turnpike; but when I came to search for that spot I failed to discover it; and—here we are!"

George Chesney laughed heartily. There was always a constant upon these two men when together, which, perhaps, he had delighted against the feeling as being unmanly, and both were manly men.

"Here we are, indeed," he said; "and here I was to be, as I think I wrote you; but what you are doing here is another thing. Explain yourself. Is the woodcraft for Roy Hilton, our crack shot, to be lost among the Ramapo Hills within two miles of Nanuet."

"But you must remember," Roy Hilton took him up instantly, "that I would bear interference from the other—" that the Ramapo Hills might better be the Wind River Mountains for me. There, I would be on familiar ground; here, I am lost."

"However—and I say it with regret, remembering what business relations—that Hilton is familiar to me, Hilton, and if you choose to come, I'll show you the way to the Nanuet station. You can take the New Jersey & New York Railway home from there, I'm sure I know. If you don't show up, the fellows will think that you have gone on home. They'd never believe that Roy Hilton was lost when rabbit shooting."

Both men laughed pleasantly, and the sounds ran lightly adown the woods, as if in sign of good comradeship and life, in the quiet woods.

Far down in the distance the chattering squirrel broke the white silence, and another whirl of wind sent the crisp snow eddying around their feet.

"The only objection to your suggestion is," Hilton said, after a moment's thoughtfulness, "that I agreed to meet the fellows at the edge of the wood, and I would not like to go on home without them, Chesney. They would linger here searching for me. Besides, I promised, you know." He smiled—and Roy Hilton's smile was good to see. "Why should I break my word!"

Chesney shrugged his shoulders lightly.

"It wouldn't be Roy Hilton to break his word," he said, with a strange smile, as any dear fellow. Only—do not again go from the path. A night in these woods wouldn't be the most agreeable. I understand them thoroughly. I warn you!"

Roy nodded. A slumbering fire woke in his eyes, a peculiar curve crept into his cheeks; he pulled at one end of his mustache, awkwardly.

"By the way," he said, nervously and with hesitation, as though he would not needlessly wound his companion, "I wrote Hilton to ask about my wife, Chesney. She is well—she is always well, you know. I hope"—and now the hesitation gave way to pleading—"I hope that you will come down to see us—soon, my dear fellow. We must not—you and I—be other than friends. I think I did my duty right hand, that nervous left hand still upon the rifle—'Here is my hand, Chesney. Take it, and let it bind our friendship."

The frank good nature left the face of Chesney's face. The gray eyes flamed with angry fire. The head was lifted with a swift haughtiness that could make even Hilton shrink a little. A pallor struck the sternly repressed, proud face, and set the lips stiffly. Involuntarily his hands fell, clenched, to his side. A man in the height of his manhood, with a man's heart.

"Hilton," he said, steadily, though there was an unnatural hoarseness in his usually clear voice, and he seemed to have difficulty in articulate as he would have them, "I bear no ill-will toward you more than I would toward any man who has taken a place toward myself you had hold. The race was free. You won her. I lost. I have yielded to fatality. But this I must say—you shall hear me now that the opportunity has come to speak—that I had an equal chance with you. She was kind to me until you came. We were lovers always up to that time. We had spoken of our future and memories. I would not wound you or my own honor enough to speak of the things that have gone. She was a woman who would be just and generous, and I knew I was then the same. She is, too, a woman and must choose for herself whom she would bless with her love. Only—she is my wife, and I have thought that I would say this—only, remember: she was promised to me until you came and won her away! That can excuse. But there is this much that you must yield to me: that she loved me once. She would have been my wife today had you not coming away! And now this subject must die forever between us! The memory belongs to me. Until I have conquered memory I demand that silence shall rest upon it. No man, especially yourself, has the right to touch upon it! And until I can say that the subject is not a sad one to me, I cannot permit myself to accept such an invitation from you—and her!"

He was remarkably handsome as the fading glow of sunset struck through the trees and, flushing the snow around them, rouced even the human faces marked with bitterness and pride and passion.

A frown was growing blacker and blacker over Roy Hilton's face. His blood was proud and hot, and swift to take offence, strive as he would to restrain his passion for the sake of his manhood. He drew his tall figure proudly erect and his lips took on a haughty curve, his eyes black with the intensity of his emotion.

"That, as you well say, Chesney, is for you to decide," he said, between his lips. "I am bound to respect your pride, but I must also remember that I too, have a claim upon you shall not again speak of my wife—my wife, remember—in the terms of your old relations with her. That she chose me instead of yourself was her prerogative. The right has forever gone from you to speak of her—even to think of her—other than as another man's wife. She would wrong me by the thought."

Chesney statted forward, as though he would strike the man before him in his swift fury born of the last words. His eyes gleamed at this, that was to his wounded heart an insult. He was white to the lips, but he clenched his hands and conquered his anger. Then he spoke, and his voice was such as no one had ever before heard from George Chesney.

"Hilton!" he exclaimed, under his breath, lest they conquer him and throw down all barriers of manhood. "You are going too far, Hilton. Because Helen Stuart chose you—"

Roy lifted his right hand with a passionate gesture, his face matching in pallor that of his companion. His eyes burned blackly.

"I refuse to even hear her name from your lips at such a time as this," he said, with a steadiness born of intense self-repression. "I have done my best to hold you my friend in spite of this that has come between us; but now—"

"'But now!'" retorted Chesney. "Now I demand that you let this subject die utterly out, Hilton. When I have lost memory, we may speak of it. Not now."

There was a rustling of the bushes near at hand, and a woman's face peered through, but neither man saw or heard. The broad cart track ran along beyond the hedge of bush and brier to the right, and those passing through from the main road to Nanuet used this rough road.

"And I tell you," exclaimed Roy Hilton, starting forward, his eyes upon the man's face, his hand raised, clenched above him—"I tell you here and now, Chesney, that I will not bear one more word from you upon this subject! It is an insult to her as well as to myself, and any man who dares breathe insult to her may hold his life cheaply when in my hands. Her honor is more to me than all the world. I will avenge any slightest word against her without the least hesitation. Remember that."

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She laughed contemptuously and disappeared in the thickness of the woods.

Chesney did not reply to Roy's last words. He dared not speak lest his passion gain the mastery, and he would not yield to passion. He was a splendid fellow, in spite of his natural weaknesses. He faced facing his rival quite motionless for a few minutes. The pallor faded and flushed and returned to his face. His teeth were shut down hard over his lips. He kept his hands at his sides resolutely.

Then, as though still he could not speak, he breathed deeply, biting his lip, and turned away down the path that soon hid him in the distance. A crisp silence remained. Even the squirrel was still. The wind had died away as the sunset glowed and flushed.

"Dastard!" murmured Roy Hilton, presently, his eyes upon the rifle which he still grasped so fiercely, his face betraying the struggle passing within between his mad passion of race and jealousy, and his strength of nobility—jealousy wakened at the thought that any man should dare think of his wife as other than pure and dareds. "He to tell me to my face that he has not yet placed that memory behind him, as any man should do!"

CHAPTER II.

A STRUGGLE WITH SELF.

Roy had forgotten where he was. Still standing where George Chesney left him, he gazed now turned along the darkening path, now bent moodily upon his boots, his thoughts were of the past and of the future; of the past, when, just graduated and left to the care of guardians, he took up his life with a zest and impulse natural to him. He had no special vocation in life but to be a true gentleman, and live up to the pride, the nobility of character and kindness of heart that descended to him through long line of stern old Knickerbockers, one black sheep in the high-born blood.

And this black vein was a jealousy in love that was almost insane in intensity, for his ancestors had even developed into that malady. Knowing this well—for the old Knickerbocker Hiltons were proud of their genealogy, and kept their history alive—Roy did all in his power to strengthen his character against this black enemy of peace; but it lived too long and too strong through the generations to yield to one man's will.

Standing in the silence of the woods, Roy Hilton realized, and with a bitterness of shame with a swift gesture of despair at the futility of his effort. He had traveled, not aimlessly, but that he should gain better knowledge than his fellows, and with a feeling of the association of humanity, not as a people, but as individuals.

He was eight-and-twenty and a high-souled, cultured gentleman when he returned home and met Helen Stuart. She was a cultured woman, gentle and quiet, perhaps, with a mind perhaps not so broad as his own, because lacking contact with the world, but a noble woman's soul, nevertheless.

He loved her. He met many women as beautiful, cultured and gracious, but Helen Stuart was the first woman whom he loved—and with him to love once was to love always.

Helen Stuart had many suitors. George Chesney was most favored among them. He and Helen were childhood lovers, and he was her boy lover even then. The Stuarts had a country seat at Nyack. The Chesneys made this their summer home, and spent comparatively little time in the city, even during the seasons. George only was in New York a great deal as Helen's recognized escort. Naturally, they drifted into an understanding, into an betrothed engagement. She admired him, and having no awakening as to the height of a life bright-ened by true love, she mistook this for passion. He loved her and his love was as intense as Roy Hilton's. But Roy Hilton came—and won.

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Theirs was not love at first sight. With either of them that was impossible. There was an intensity and a depth in Helen's character with him to love once was to love always. A pallor struck the sternly repressed, proud face, and set the lips stiffly. Involuntarily his hands fell, clenched, to his side. A man in the height of his manhood, with a man's heart.

"Hilton," he said, steadily, though there was an unnatural hoarseness in his usually clear voice, and he seemed to have difficulty in articulate as he would have them, "I bear no ill-will toward you more than I would toward any man who has taken a place toward myself you had hold. The race was free. You won her. I lost. I have yielded to fatality. But this I must say—you shall hear me now that the opportunity has come to speak—that I had an equal chance with you. She was kind to me until you came. We were lovers always up to that time. We had spoken of our future and memories. I would not wound you or my own honor enough to speak of the things that have gone. She was a woman who would be just and generous, and I knew I was then the same. She is, too, a woman and must choose for herself whom she would bless with her love. Only—she is my wife, and I have thought that I would say this—only, remember: she was promised to me until you came and won her away! That can excuse. But there is this much that you must yield to me: that she loved me once. She would have been my wife today had you not coming away! And now this subject must die forever between us! The memory belongs to me. Until I have conquered memory I demand that silence shall rest upon it. No man, especially yourself, has the right to touch upon it! And until I can say that the subject is not a sad one to me, I cannot permit myself to accept such an invitation from you—and her!"

He was remarkably handsome as the fading glow of sunset struck through the trees and, flushing the snow around them, rouced even the human faces marked with bitterness and pride and passion.

A frown was growing blacker and blacker over Roy Hilton's face. His blood was proud and hot, and swift to take offence, strive as he would to restrain his passion for the sake of his manhood. He drew his tall figure proudly erect and his lips took on a haughty curve, his eyes black with the intensity of his emotion.

"That, as you well say, Chesney, is for you to decide," he said, between his lips. "I am bound to respect your pride, but I must also remember that I too, have a claim upon you shall not again speak of my wife—my wife, remember—in the terms of your old relations with her. That she chose me instead of yourself was her prerogative. The right has forever gone from you to speak of her—even to think of her—other than as another man's wife. She would wrong me by the thought."

Chesney statted forward, as though he would strike the man before him in his swift fury born of the last words. His eyes gleamed at this, that was to his wounded heart an insult. He was white to the lips, but he clenched his hands and conquered his anger. Then he spoke, and his voice was such as no one had ever before heard from George Chesney.

"Hilton!" he exclaimed, under his breath, lest they conquer him and throw down all barriers of manhood. "You are going too far, Hilton. Because Helen Stuart chose you—"

Roy lifted his right hand with a passionate gesture, his face matching in pallor that of his companion. His eyes burned blackly.

"I refuse to even hear her name from your lips at such a time as this," he said, with a steadiness born of intense self-repression. "I have done my best to hold you my friend in spite of this that has come between us; but now—"

"'But now!'" retorted Chesney. "Now I demand that you let this subject die utterly out, Hilton. When I have lost memory, we may speak of it. Not now."

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My Portrait.

Concluded from Last Issue.

A couple of hours later I stand before the long glass in my room fully dressed and feeling disgracefully vain, for I cannot help seeing that I look my best. My dress is of the softest white silk, falling in long graceful folds about me—long enough behind to make me look tall, but not long enough to be in my way when dancing. My neck and arms are bare; I wear no jewels, but on my left shoulder, amongst the folds of my laces, I have pinned three of my roses, and three more nestle in my wavy brown hair. My shoes, gloves, and fan are white; the only color about me is the vivid red of my flowers.

Maggie hurries in to tell me that the cab has come; so, with one more contented glance at the mirror, I put on my shawl and run down to the hall. Maud stands in the porch buttoning her gloves; she is looking lovely in a pale maize-colored dress trimmed with large yellow daisies. I feel that we shall not disgrace our chaperon.

After what seems to me a very long half-hour, we arrive at Calton Hall. As we drive up the avenue I see that the gardens and greenhouses are lighted with Chinese lanterns, which give the place a fairy-like aspect. In the dressing-room we have to wait a few minutes for our chaperon, Mrs. Chance, a young widow, and a great friend of Maud's. At last she comes, and then we descend to the ball-room, where the band is already playing the first waltz.

The scene is indeed like fairy land to my inexperienced eyes; the polished floor shines like glass, the walls are hung with pictures, and there are profuse decorations of the most lovely flowers everywhere. At one end of the ball-room a door opens into the brilliantly illuminated conservatory, with its palms and the heavy scent of flowers make one think of tropical climes.

Our hostess introduces some young men, whose names I fail to catch. They inscribe their initials on my silver-and-white programme, and then retire. I hope devoutly that they will claim me in their right order, for most certainly I should not know either them or their names again.

We have arrived in the middle of the first waltz, so I have time to look around me before I join the dancers. I see a few girls that I know, and begin to wish I had more some more people, when suddenly I see some one just entering the room the sight of whom sets my heart beating fast with pleasant excitement. It is Mr. Keith. I hope that he will ask me to dance, or if he will ignore our informal introduction in the wood. My relations are cut short by the appearance of one of my partners, who offers me his arm, and we are soon circling round the room to the strains of a dreamy waltz.

As I pass the door I feel conscious that Mr. Keith's eyes are following me; but I do not raise mine or show by any sign that I have noticed him. When the dance is over, my partner restores me, with a bow, to my chaperon; and then I see Mr. Keith making his way towards me with young Mr. Calton, who mumbles an introduction and then disappears. My friend of the wood asks for a dance, and, as I am disengaged, I give him the one that is just commencing.

"I thought it better to get Calton to introduce me," he says, "as you evidently scorned my efforts in that line."

"Well," I reply, "it is just as well that you did introduce yourself, for I certainly did not hear a word that Mr. Calton said."

The band now strikes up, Mr. Keith slips his arm round my waist, and we glide away into the crowd of dancers. Mr. Keith dances perfectly; he never bumps me up against people, as my last partner did, nor turns me backwards and forwards till I am giddy. To dance with such a partner is a real pleasure, and I feel as if I should never tire of it. I am quite surprised when the music stops.

Mr. Keith finds me a seat near the conservatory door, and drops into one beside it himself.

"I think our steps go very well together," he says; "so you must give me some more dances. Let me see your card."

I put my programme into his hand.

"Oh," he says, laughing at it, "there are only a few waltzes left! You may as well give them all to me. I am a stranger in these parts, and, if you do not take pity on me, I shall have no dancing."

I think it is rather too much to give four or five dances to one person, but I do not like to raise any objection. He has been to so many more dances than I have that he surely must know better than I do what is correct. Besides, while I am thinking about it, he has scribbled down his name and returned my programme, as if there were nothing more to be said about the matter. We are left alone only for a few minutes in our quiet corner; another partner comes to claim me, and Mr. Keith disappears I know not where, for I see that he is not dancing.

. . . . . .

It is long past midnight; I have danced till I am tired, and soon must go. I am dancing with Mr. Keith, and I acknowledge to myself that I enjoy each successive dance more than the last. I feel now as if Mr. Keith and I were old friends; in the pauses of our dances we have exchanged ideas on all sorts of subjects, and have questioned each other minutely as to all our likes and dislikes.

"You must be tired," he says presently, "and the room is very warm; let us go and have a look at the conservatory."

We wander down the long tiled passages, admiring the flowers as we pass and drinking in their sweet perfume. We come upon a secluded seat beside which bubbles a miniature fountain. Here we sit down for a while to rest, for I am very warm. I draw off my long gloves and cool the tips of my fingers in the water, then let them lie idly in my lap. Mr. Keith watches me for some time in silence, but at last he says:

"You have deserted your wood lately."

"Well, I must get used to doing without it when Mr. Eastwood comes back, so I may as well make the change gradually," I reply.

"I should think Mr. Eastwood would allow you to use it; and, if he is not likely to do so, that is all the more reason why you should use it while you can. The wood is looking lovely just now; I walked through it this morning. Did you steal those roses too?" he asks, laughing.

"Oh, dear, no! These were sent to me by the housekeeper at Lynn. Wasn't it kind of her?"

"Very," he says drily.

"Why, she gave you one!" I exclaim, as, looking up, I catch sight of a red rose-bud in his coat.

"I love red roses," he rejoins, arranging his bud tenderly. "I like white," he adds irrelevantly, touching a fold of my dress that lies near him.

"All girls are supposed to wear white at their first ball," I remark.

"And is this your first ball?"

"Yes, my very first!"

"And do I come up to your anticipations? Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Oh, yes, very much—far more than I expected! I really think I love dancing."

"I too have enjoyed myself," he says quietly.

"But you hardly danced at all! If you like dancing, why did you not dance more?"

"Because I enjoyed the dances that I had so much that I did not care to spoil the remembrance of them by joining in others."

I look away from him, feeling that I am going to blush, for I suddenly remember that he has danced with no one but me.

"I am glad my steps suits you," I say awkwardly.

"Yes, it does suit me exactly," he returns.

Again we sit in silence for some minutes, and, as he does not seem inclined to speak, I rise and say that I think my sister will be looking for me to go home.

"Don't go just yet; this waltz is still on. Besides, I want to ask you something first. When can I see you again? Won't you come to the wood to-morrow morning? Do, please!"

"I don't know," I murmur, turning shyly away from him.

He has risen too, and now he takes my hand to detain me.

"I will not let you go till you promise. Don't deny me this opportunity of letting you know me better."

"Why should I know you better?" I ask.

"Because I shall never be contented till I make you like me as much as I like you," he answers boldly.

"I really must go home now; do let me go, Mr. Keith!" I exclaim, surprised at his tone.

"Promise me to come to-morrow," he pleads, tightening his grasp of my hand.

"Very well—I promise," I say hastily; and then he takes me back to Maud.

My sister is ready to start, and says that the carriage is waiting; so we take our leave at once. Mr. Keith escorts me down the steps, Maud sitting in front of us with Mr. Calton.

As he bids me good night Mr. Keith presses my hand gently and whispers to me not to forget my promise. The carriage then rolls away, and I lay my head back against the soft cushions, and with closed eyes review all the events of the evening. After a while, I notice that this retrospect seems to be entirely filled up with the sayings and actions of Mr. Keith. I wonder how it is that I remember so much about him, and so little about anything else. I suppose it is because he talks so well and seems to be such a clever man. Then I remember how anxious I am to see me again, and say to myself with a thrill of pleasure that our next meeting is now but a few hours distant.

. . . . . .

Ten days have gone by quickly since the morning after the ball, when I went with a wildly-beating heart to spend a happy hour in the woods with Mr. Keith. Alas, how soon I have become hardened in wrong! That first meeting has led to many others. Mr. Keith has always some good reason for wishing to see me again—he wants to show me some lines in a poem which we have been discussing, or to look for some rare flowers—any excuse does for one who is so ready to be persuaded as I am; for I no longer attempt to deny myself that Mr. Keith fills all my thoughts. No words of love for me have passed his lips, and when away from him this troubles me; but when with him the sweet conviction that he loves me fills me with such utter content that there is no room for misgivings or doubt. Through all these ten days, while I have been so happy, I have resolutely put away the thought of Mr. Eastwood. Whatever if Mr. Keith loves me, that will be quite sufficient reason for my not accepting Mr. Eastwood; but, though this reason is quite satisfactory to me, I cannot use it to convince myself that Mr. Keith has told me of his love. So to-day I feel low-spirited and unhappy, for it is Wednesday, and on Friday Mr. Eastwood will be here. I would give anything to avoid meeting him; but Maud and father are more anxious than ever that I should accept his proposal, and insist that I must at least see him and be civil to him.

At this point in my meditations I am interrupted by the striking of the hall clock, which reminds me that Mr. Keith will be waiting for me; so I get my hat and hurry off. I find him just on the other side of the hedge.

"How late you are to-day!" he says impatiently.

"I could not help it—I forgot the time. I was thinking of something."

"It must have been something very pleasant then," he returns crossly.

"On the contrary, it was something very unpleasant."

"Unpleasant! What was it? Perhaps I can help you."

"No; I can't tell you what it was—at least not now."

He drops the subject, for which I am thankful, and we wander off together down the long shady paths, talking on all sorts of trivial matters; and all too soon the bright morning has passed. As we turn our steps towards home I tell Mr. Keith that the next day will be the last that I can come to the wood.

"And why is that?" he asks. "You will come on Friday too, I am sure, when the day comes."

"No," I declare—"I can't possibly come on Friday."

"Why not?"

"We have a visitor coming on Friday, and I must help to entertain him."

"Who is the visitor, and why must you stay in to entertain him?"

"Oh, he is Mr. Eastwood, and father wants me to see him!"

"I understand—I see it all now," observes Mr. Keith, meaningly.

"You don't know anything about it!" I retort crossly, feeling irritated by his tone of indifference.

"Well, of course you know best. I was only referring to something I knew about Eastwood's hopes."

"Hopes of marrying me, do you mean?"

"Now that you yourself have admitted so much, I may as well tell you that I knew that Eastwood meant to marry you."

"It was very cool of him to tell you anything of the kind; but, as you know his intentions, you may as well know mine. I shall certainly not marry him!"

"Perhaps when you see him you will change your mind; he is not at all a bad fellow. Then, too, you would have these woods to walk in always."

As he speaks, my heart sinks lower and lower. I must have been deceived in thinking that he loved me; for, if he did, he could never be so calmly of the possibility of my marrying another. Then I blush hotly as I remember with shame how often I have come hither to meet him and of the hours we have spent together. Perhaps he has guessed my love for him and means this for a hint that he does not return it; if so, my cup of misery is indeed full. I feel, too, that his allusion to the woods is especially heartless.

"I don't care what he is like—I won't marry him! And now I must say good morning, Mr. Keith."

My heart is heavy, but I flatter myself that my voice is cool and indifferent. He ignores my outstretched hand, and says:

"If you won't marry him, is it because you love some one else?"

"You have no right to ask such a question," I reply, turning away.

He hastens after me, and, taking both my hands in his, compels me to face him.

"Now, Persis, look straight into my eyes and answer me truly. Do you love some one else?"

I look up at him bravely; but his voice has suddenly grown gentle, and there is a soft light in his eyes. My lips begin to quiver, and tears well up into my eyes. If I begin to cry, I shall be disgraced forever; so, drawing my hands from his, I place them over my eyes, and stammer:

"Oh, I can't tell you—indeed I can't!"

"There, child," he says gently—"don't mind—I won't tease you about it any more."

But I am not comforted, for a feeling of dread in a state of my secret happiness made me lest he may have guessed my secret long and in a state of my secret joy. Maud thinks I have a bad headache, and bathes my forehead with eau de Cologne.

The next morning I am still very low, and wander about the house aimlessly. After our conversation yesterday, I dare not go to meet Mr. Keith, and the morning seems long and dreary without him. I try to make up my mind to marry Mr. Eastwood, just to show Mr. Keith that I do not care for him, but I cant do it. At last the long day comes to an end, and, tired out with anxiety and grief, I cry myself to sleep and try to forget that to-morrow will be the long-dreaded day of Mr. Eastwood's visit.

. . . . . .

"Persis, Persis, where are you?" calls Maud. It is three o'clock in the afternoon. All the morning I have sat sulkily in my own room, and after luncheon I have run up here again. Now, as I hear Maud calling me, I know that my time has come, that I must descend and go through the ordeal of an introduction to Mr. Eastwood. I have made up my mind that things shall go no further than the introduction, still it is not pleasant to have to explain that to Maud.

"Come on, Persis," cries Maud, impatiently—"Mr. Eastwood has been in the drawing-room some time with father! You must come."

Then looking at me critically, she adds, "But how untidy you are! What will Mr. Eastwood think of you?"

"The worse he thinks of me the better I shall be pleased," I answer, smoothing my ruffled hair with my hands.

My sister is ready to start, and says that the carriage is waiting; so we take our leave at once. Mr. Keith escorts me down the steps, Maud sitting in front of us with Mr. Calton.

As he bids me good night Mr. Keith presses my hand gently and whispers to me not to forget my promise. The carriage then rolls away, and I lay my head back against the soft cushions, and with closed eyes review all the events of the evening. After a while, I notice that this retrospect seems to be entirely filled up with the sayings and actions of Mr. Keith. I wonder how it is that I remember so much about him, and so little about anything else. I suppose it is because he talks so well and seems to be such a clever man. Then I remember how anxious he is to see me again, and say to myself with a thrill of pleasure that our next meeting is now but a few hours distant.

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"It was very cool of him to tell you anything of the kind; but, as you know his intentions, you may as well know mine. I shall certainly not marry him!"

"Perhaps when you see him you will change your mind; he is not at all a bad fellow. Then, too, you would have these woods to walk in always."

As he speaks, my heart sinks lower and lower. I must have been deceived in thinking that he loved me; for, if he did, he could never be so calmly of the possibility of my marrying another. Then I blush hotly as I remember with shame how often I have come hither to meet him and of the hours we have spent together. Perhaps he has guessed my love for him and means this for a hint that he does not return it; if so, my cup of misery is indeed full. I feel, too, that his allusion to the woods is especially heartless.

"I don't care what he is like—I won't marry him! And now I must say good morning, Mr. Keith."

My heart is heavy, but I flatter myself that my voice is cool and indifferent. He ignores my outstretched hand, and says:

"If you won't marry him, is it because you love some one else?"

"You have no right to ask such a question," I reply, turning away.

He hastens after me, and, taking both my hands in his, compels me to face him.

"Now, Persis, look straight into my eyes and answer me truly. Do you love some one else?"

I look up at him bravely; but his voice has suddenly grown gentle, and there is a soft light in his eyes. My lips begin to quiver, and tears well up into my eyes. If I begin to cry, I shall be disgraced forever; so, drawing my hands from his, I place them over my eyes, and stammer:

"Oh, I can't tell you—indeed I can't!"

"There, child," he says gently—"don't mind—I won't tease you about it any more."

But I am not comforted, for a feeling of dread in a state of my secret happiness made me lest he may have guessed my secret long and in a state of my secret joy. Maud thinks I have a bad headache, and bathes my forehead with eau de Cologne.

The next morning I am still very low, and wander about the house aimlessly. After our conversation yesterday, I dare not go to meet Mr. Keith, and the morning seems long and dreary without him. I try to make up my mind to marry Mr. Eastwood, just to show Mr. Keith that I do not care for him, but I cant do it. At last the long day comes to an end, and, tired out with anxiety and grief, I cry myself to sleep and try to forget that to-morrow will be the long-dreaded day of Mr. Eastwood's visit.

. . . . . .

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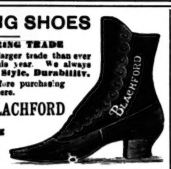

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"Samantha!" roared Mr. Chugwater, coming out from behind the screen and glaring at her savagely, "smile, darn you I—smile!" *Detroit Free Press.*

Music.

On Thursday of last week a very enjoyable concert was given by piano pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt at the College of Music, assisted by vocal pupils of Mr. F. H. Torrington. A large audience was present and gave frequent expression of its approval of the efforts of the performers. A programme of interesting variety was performed by Miss Boultbee, Miss Benson, Miss Minnie Topping, Miss Mary Mara, Miss Minnie Gaylord, Miss Tyson, Miss Burke and Miss Andrich as pianists, with vocal numbers by Mrs. J. C. Smith, Miss Mortimer and Mr. Bagnley. Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson rendered valuable assistance in playing a Grieg Sonata for violin and piano with Miss Benson.

•

On Friday of last week the University Glee Club invaded Hamilton and gave a concert at the Grand Opera House in aid of the Newsboys' Club of that city. The house was completely filled and the efforts of the young singers met with the warmest reception, double encores and special numbers being in demand. Solos were sung by Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. E. W. Schuch, Mr. T. Dockray and Mr. D. Donald; an excellent 'cello solo was played by Miss Lillian Littlehales, and an octette was sung by Messrs. Nie, Bigelow, Knox, Little, J. A. McAllister, Barker, McLaren and A. L. McAllister. The accompaniments were played by Miss Osborne, Mr. D. J. O'Brien and Mr. Parker, the accompanist of the club.

•

On Saturday evening a large audience attended the concert given in Association Hall in aid of the unemployed poor. An excellent programme had been arranged and was received with great pleasure by the audience. The performers were Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Miss Bessie Bonsall, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. H. M. Blight, Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, Mr. Owen A. Smily, Mr. W. E. Ramsay and Mr. James Fax, with Mrs. Blight and Mr. Arthur Depew as accompanists.

•

On Tuesday evening the ladies of Bond street congregational church gave an At Home for which a fine programme of music had been arranged by Mr. John Bayley, band master of the Queen's Own Rifles. The soloists were Miss Constance Hodgert, Miss Edith Bayley, Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli, Mr. J. A. Macdonald and Mr. Clegg. An orchestra of eight pieces formed a valuable adjunct to the evening's enjoyment.

•

Our young Canadian pianist, Mr. Harry M. Field, is still upholding the honor of his flag in Germany. He recently played in Halle, and has won great praise from the *Hallesche Zeitung*. This journal says that "his technique has ripened to a masterly condition, and that he gives a truly artistic interpretation. The intellectual side of his performance is brought out in a strong light and shows correct conception. His touch is magnificent and his phrasing is excellent." Mr. Field's selections at this concert were four pieces from Schumann's Carneval, Chopin's Etude, op. 25, and Liszt's Valse Impromptu ana Polonaise.

•

Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson is progressing very well in her preparations for her concert on April 9. In addition to the talent named in a previous issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, Miss Louie Gordon, the pianist, will assist.

•

The Harmony Club is making great strides in its preparation for its series of performances in April. Iolanthe is the opera chosen, and promises to be a great success. Two rehearsals are held every week, and are always well attended, that on Saturday evening last having brought out fifty-seven singers in the chorus. Another week will probably see the lists closed. In the meantime the cast of principals has not been completed, and as may be supposed, curiosity is rife as to who will be the chosen ones. The committee is given this important matter careful deliberation, and a few days more will probably see the publication of the names.

•

The comparative lull in musical events will be broken next week by the Foresters' concert on Tuesday evening. The performers at this event have already been named in this column, and are of such recognized excellence that a most enjoyable evening may be anticipated. On Thursday evening the combined concert of the Choral Society and Toronto Symphony Orchestra will be given, with Hoffmann's Meluzina, Brahm's Song of Destiny, and Faning's Song of the Vikings as the vocal numbers, orchestral selections being added as well. The soloists will be Mme. D'Auria, Miss Dick, Mr. H. M. Blight and Mr. E. W. Schuch. Meantime the Philharmonic Society is going ahead with its work for the Santley concerts on April 6 and 7, when Elijah and Eve will be sung, with Mr. Santley in several numbers at the second concert. METRONOME.

The Terrible Fate That Befell One of the Wickedest Cities in the World.

When the Spaniards were driven from Jamaica they left behind them a number of slaves, who sought shelter in the mountains and defied the authorities. These bandits were easily exterminated soon after the English occupation, but the remnant later grew to be powerful and greatly troubled the colony. They are known as the Maroons, and the story of their desperate struggles for freedom, of the privileges wrung from the whites, and of their assistance in suppressing the rising of the blacks in 1865, reads like a romance. Six hundred of these troublesome marauders were transported to Nova Scotia. The descendants of the ancient Maroons are even to this day a separate people, and still enjoy the privileges granted to their ancestors.

Pirates and their bloodthirsty deeds have furnished so often the plot and theme for the melodramatist and the dime novelist, that one hesitates to write about them in sober earnest. But they were no myths in Jamaica, and an account of Jamaica's past, however brief, can omit a reference to the part they played in its history, especially as the most dreadful calamity that ever visited the island is connected with them.

The Jamaican pirates generally sought to throw over their marauding and pillaging expeditions the sanction of legal authority by obtaining letters of marque, but they were, nevertheless, pirates, pure and simple. One chief after another scoured the Spanish main, capturing vessels, usually Spanish, on the high seas, and when the ocean did not offer enough to satisfy his cupidity and love of adventure, attacked cities and towns, laying waste with fire and sword, and committing horrible barbarities and cruelties. Nothing was spared by these human devils, and yet they were tolerated for many years by the Jamaican authorities. The island profited by their expeditions, and the last half of the seventeenth century witnessed a prosperity as great as it was wicked and demoralizing.

Port Royal was the capital of the pirate empire, and the Marooners filled it with wealth and debauchery. There they maintained in semi-barbaric state their great establishments. They lived like men who, with the wealth of princes, did not know when they might die, and who had no fear of God or man. Imagination can hardly picture the character of the populace of that little city under the sun, or the life within its walls. To it came the reckless, the desperate, the men most skilled in villainy. With them they brought the spoils of richly laden Spanish galleons bound home with silver and gold, the ransoms of cities and whole provinces, and fleets of merchant vessels freighted with rich stuffs from all the markets of the world. All this, and more, was poured into Port Royal, and was spent with a lavishness and extravagance that is possible only with treasure bought at so slight a cost as that of human life.

Nothing seemed lacking to make it the wickedest place on earth; yet the vengeance of the Lord apparently passed it by. But it was only for a season. One day the earth opened and in two minutes the city, i s palaces and its hovels, lay at the bottom of the sea. Thousands of the inhabitants perished with their ill-gotten gains, and the unburied dead, floating in the harbor or heaped upon the land under a tropical sun, bred a horrible pestilence that carried off thousands of those who escaped the earthquake. To-day the waters of the bay hide from sight the ancient city. Was ever retributive justice more terrible or complete!

Romantic and exciting as were the lives of all these buccaneers that of Henry Morgan, the greatest of the freebooters, was the most so. From a white slave in the Barbadoes, where he had been sold into servitude, he became, first, the most daring and successful of the pirates, the later a knight, and, as Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, the ruler of that island. At the sacking of Panama he obtained one hundred and seventy-five mule loads of treasure. The governor who gave him his commission was recalled for that act, but Morgan was knighted, and, as Sir Henry, turned his back upon his former companions and made a most popular governor of the colony.—*Boston Herald.*

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In our Bankrupt Stock of $18,700 from Montreal we have an immense assortment of Boys' and Children's Clothing. This stock was bought for the fall and winter business, and comprises the finest grades made for the Montreal Trade. The entire stock must be cleared before March 1, and has been marked at prices that will insure them going before then.

Mothers will do well to see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

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Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Tuesday, January 27, 8 o'clock, Prof. George Coutellier will talk about: Le Cid de Corneille.

Admission—For pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 50c.

Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

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Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the shortest notice.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Notwithstanding the Lenten season our people have been unusually gay though the entertainments have not been of a very exciting nature.

Mrs. Watson entertained a few ladies on Thursday afternoon of last week to tea in honor of her guests, Mrs. Morris and Miss Stewart of Barrie.

On the same afternoon Mrs. Wood gave afternoon tea from five till seven. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. N. Wood, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. G. C. Thomson, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. White, Miss Hobson, Miss Lottridge, Miss Hendrie, Miss Sinclair, Miss Dunlop, Miss Watson, Miss Briggs, Miss Cummings, Miss Leggat, Miss Walker, Miss Grant, Miss Fuller, Miss Bruce, and many others.

Mrs. W. Ramsay is spending a few weeks in London.

Mrs. J. S. Hendrie entertained a number of friends on Thursday to luncheon.

Miss Forsyth left for her home in Toronto after a six weeks' visit here.

Mrs. Bristol gave a tea on Friday afternoon.

Miss Bristol of Napanee is the guest of Mrs. George Bristol of Bay street.

Mrs. Stinson gave a luncheon on Monday.

Miss Katie Hendrie of Detroit is the guest of Mrs. J. S. Hendrie of Hunter street.

Miss Walker gave a small tea last Tuesday.

Mrs. Leggat gave a charming progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening. There were twelve tables, and among the guests I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Murray, Mr. and Mrs. H. Robertson, Miss Harvey, Miss Hope, Miss Briggs, Miss Roach, Miss Lottridge, Miss Hendrie, Miss Fuller, Miss Carr, Miss Sinclair, Miss Wood, Miss Watson, Miss Stewart, Miss Browne, Miss Hobson, Miss Bruce, Miss Osborne, Messrs. Burns, Osborne, Saunders, Browne, Billet, Gillies, Hobson, Murray, Ferrie, Hope, Bruce, Gansby.

Mrs. Crerar gave a charming luncheon on Wednesday.

Mrs. Mullin gave an afternoon tea on Wednesday.

Mrs. C. J. Jones gave a small tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Robertson of Brockville is the guest of Mrs. Gibson of Bay street.

Mr. J. S. Hendrie left last week for a trip to Mexico.

On Tuesday afternoon there was a very large gathering in the Christ Church Cathedral to witness the marriage of Miss Helen Gregory and Mr. Frederick Charles Flesher of Santa Clara, Cal. A little after three o'clock the bride arrived. She was attired in a traveling gown of terra cotta silk and brocade, with a bonnet to match. Her bouquet was beautiful, consisting of white orchids and real orange blossoms. Miss Martin, her bridesmaid, wore an amethyst cloth gown, and Mr. Harry Stewart of Orangeville was best man. After the ceremony the guests drove to The Willows, the residence of the bride's parents, where a delightful two hours were spent, after which the bride and groom left for Toronto to spend a few days. They will return here before they begin their long journey to their home in California.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan gave a delightful afternoon tea on Monday afternoon. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Alex. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Woolverton, Mr. and Mrs. Stinson, Mr. and the Misses Hobson, Mr. and Mrs. Gartshore, Mr. and the Misses Harvey, Mr. Gansby, Miss Fuller, Miss Hendrie, Miss A. Hendrie, Miss Katie Hendrie of Detroit, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Morris, Miss Watson, Miss Lottridge, Mrs. Charles Jones, Miss Robinson, Miss Hope of Montreal, Miss Spratt, Mrs. Douglas Armour of Toronto, Miss Wood, Miss Mackinnon, Miss Wilson, Miss Briggs, the Misses Roach, Miss Mackelcan, Mrs. Ricketts, Miss Ricketts, Miss Carr, Miss Sinclair, Messrs. Hope, Duncan, Patterson, Ferrie, Dewar, Billet, Osborne, W. Osborne, Clinch, Saunders, Fox, Hendrie, Burns, Carr, Ricketts, Bruce, Gartshore.

Miss Moore of Herkimer street gave a charming At Home, Friday evening of last week, in honor of the University Glee Club of Toronto. All present had a most enjoyable time.

Mrs. Douglas Armour is the guest of Mrs. Henry Fuller of Herkimer street. SYLVIA.

BARRIE.

On Thursday afternoon, February 26, from 4.30 to 6.30, Ovenden, the handsome residence of Mr. John Strathy, was thronged with guests, being the occasion of a most charming At Home given by Mrs. Strathy. The rooms were prettily arranged, particularly the one in which the daintiest of refreshments were served. Selections of vocal and instrumental music were given at intervals during the afternoon, much to the delight of all present. Among those noticed were: Senator and Mrs. Gowan, Judge and Mrs. Ardagh, Mrs. O'Brien, Miss Phipps, Mrs. and Miss Campbell, Mr. Checkley, Dr. and Mrs. Ardagh and Miss Ardagh, Mrs. and Miss Spry, Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. Mason and the Misses Mason, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mrs. Vansittart, Mrs. Way, Mr. Chapman, Mrs. S. Lount, Mr. and Miss Cotter, Miss O'Brien of Toronto, Mr. Esten, Mrs. J. McCarthy, Miss Brydon, Mrs. Ault, Mr. H. Lennox, Mrs. and Miss Spotton, Miss Reiner, Mr. P. and Miss Kortright, Miss Major, Mr. and the Misses Boys, Mrs. and Miss Holmes, Mr. Saunders, Mrs. F. Lett, the Misses Baker, Mrs. McVittie, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. L. and Miss McCarthy, Mrs. and the Misses Bird, Mrs. Walsh of Orangeville, Mrs. Morgan, the Misses Murphy, Mr. H. Giles, Mr. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwards, Mr. F. Hewson Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Forsyth, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. and Miss Stevenson, Mr. Coffee, Miss Ardagh of Toronto, Miss Lally, Mr. Charles Kortright, Miss Dyment, Miss Hornsby and Mr. Ardagh.

Mrs. H. H. Morris is visiting relatives in Hamilton.

Miss Lally is spending a few weeks at Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy's of Toronto.

Mr. George Morton was in town recently.

Dr. A. Ardagh of Orillia spent last Sunday in Barrie.

Miss M. Plummer of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. McConkey.

Mr. J. George of Mansfield, U. S., has been the guest of Mrs. C. Ross. OCULAIRE.

Pocketed the Cup.

A French gentleman was invited to five-o'clock tea at Bath, where the guests sat around the room in a stiff circle, holding their tea-cups in their left hands and eating hot-buttered waffles and chipped smoked venison with the fingers of their right, from plates in their laps. Waiters handed about tea and coffee, and the French gentleman, unaware that the position of the teaspoon in the empty cup returned to the waiter indicated whether or not it was to be replenished, politely drank fourteen cups of tea, and then, in despair, pocketed the cup and saucer, until the general rising of the company enabled him to rid himself of them.

Comic song, It's Way Out of Sight, by W. Retisson. Whaley, Royce & Co.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MOSS—At Toronto, on March 3, Mrs. Frank H. Moss—a daughter.

LEISHMAN—At Toronto, on March 1, Mrs. John H. Leishman—a son.

MOSS—At Toronto, on March 3, Mrs. Frank H. Moss—a daughter.

PUNSHON—At Oshawa, on February 28, Mrs. Percy H. Punshon—a son.

GALT—At Toronto, on March 3, Mrs. A. C. Galt—a son.

WESTMAN—At Toronto, on February 26, Mrs. J. H. Westman—a son.

FITCH—At Toronto, on February 27, Mrs. C. A. Fitch—a son.

Marriages.

JEFFREY—CREELMAN—At Toronto, on March 3, John S. Jeffrey to Libbie Creelman.

MILLAR—McCRAE—At Windsor, on February 25, Henry S. Millar of Grand Rapids, Mich., to Kate Ethel McCrae.

WEBB—SCOTT—At Memphis, Tennessee, on February 24, Herbert E. Webb of Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, to Adeline Scott.

Deaths.

GRIFFITH—At Toronto, on March 3, Mrs. R. M. Griffith, aged 43 years.

JONES—At Barrisfield, on March 4, Rev. Prof. Kearney L. Jones of the Royal Military College, Kingston, aged 48 years.

LANGLOIS—On March 4, youngest daughter of Richard A. Langlois, aged 4 years.

ROACH—At West York, on March 4, John Roach, aged 75 years.

HENDERSON—At Toronto, on March 2, Andrew Henderson, aged 82 years.

JEFFREY—At Toronto, on March 1, Rev. Thomas Wesley Jeffrey, aged 60 years.

DELL—At Toronto, on March 3, Thomas J. Dell of Buckinghamshire, Eng., aged 68 years.

BETHUNE—At Port Hope, on March 2, Agnes Elizabeth Bethune, aged 21 years.

SWEENEY—At New York, on February 27, Mrs. Margaret McGinnis Sweeney, aged 65 years.

REID—At Newtonville, on March 2, William Reid.

WYLLIE—At Hamilton, on February 23, Mrs. Andrew A. Wyllie, aged 65 years.

GRACE—At Lindsay, on March 1, Mrs. William Grace, aged 55 years.

RYALL—At Paris, on February 28, Francis Ryall, aged 27 years.

THOMPSON—At Welland, Ontario, on March 1, Archibald Thompson, aged 91 years.

ORR—At Toronto, on March 2, Mrs. Robert Orr, aged 34 years.

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OVERCOATINGS to hand in all the new and nobby styles of Worsteds, Meltons and Venetians. Make up beautifully to order, $13 to $20.

SUITS from our celebrated Irish, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, made stylishly, $16 to $23.

SERGE SUITS, Black or Blue (all wool), $15 to $25.

BLACK WORSTEDS SUITS, Morning or Frock Coat, $20 to $30.

GRAY AND MIXED WORSTED Suits, $20 to $26.

Orders placed NOW get superior workmanship.

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Short Sealskin Jackets
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Alterations begin February 1. Mantles clearing at half price. $10 Ulsters selling for $5. A similar cut on ever Jacket in stock.

Millinery at Your Own Price

Trimmed Millinery does not improve with lime dust, so that must go regardless of cost.

Dress Goods, Prints, Ginghams, Cottons, etc., at wholesale prices.

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USE the best. Not necessarily the highest priced. That may mean a very ordinary article. But when buying silks, for it is of silks we're talking, buy only what you can rely on.

Your protection is in buying from a reliable house. It's unfortunate that the're houses that have no other care than to get the goods out of the store. Think you we could have done the leading trade of this city for nearly a quarter of a century were this our policy?

Black Silks predominate Fine Surah Silks that carry the banner of satisfaction everywhere. They do make up nicely. We show a line at 60c. that will be a surprise to the best shoppers. You've had us tell before of our Dollar Silk. There's no reason why we should get so little money for silk of this extra quality---save that it serves as an index of how well we can do for Canadian shoppers.

Black Satin Merv, 39c, 45, 50c.
Watered Silks, 49, 50, 60c.
Let those who are fighting for something handsome in a silk drum ask to see a watered silk at 69c. Its merits evince appreciation.

A satisfactory silk at a satisfactory price can hardly be bought outside the larger cities. You can order it up by letter and rely on getting just what you order. Write for samples.

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A Great Possession.

There is a certain something which, for want of a better name, is called womanliness, and it is that which makes women attractive to men. A great many virtues go to make up this one great possession, and they are what men like in women.

Men like, in the first place, amiability in a woman.

They like a pleasant appearance.

They like the doing of little things that are pleasant to them.

They like the courtesy of the fireside.

They like women whose lives and faces are always full of the sunshine of a contented mind and a cheerful disposition.

They like an ability to talk well and a knowledge of the virtue of silence.

They like a motherliness big enough to understand the wants of the older as well as the younger boys.

They like a disposition to speak good, rather than evil, of every human being.

They like sympathy—which means a willing ear for the tale of sorrow or gladness.

They like knowledge of how to dress well, which, by the way, doesn't mean conspicuously. Men are most attracted by good material, plain draperies and quiet colors.

They like intelligence, but they prefer that the heart should be stronger than the brain.

They like a companion—a woman who has sufficient knowledge of the world and its ways to talk well with them, who is interested in their lives, their plans, their hopes: who knows how to give a cheering word, or to listen quietly, and by a tender look express the grief which the heart is feeling.

They may sometimes say that children are a bore and a nuisance, but a man shrinks from a woman who openly declares her dislike of them.

Business Tact.

Mrs. Slimpurse—I've done my best to get along, but it seems to me the more boarders I have, the less money I make.

Mrs. Fatpurse—No wonder. You've got yr house filled up with old maids and old bachelors. I make lots of money keeping boarders, and so might you if you had any business in you.

"I don't see how you manage."

"Well, I don't do it by having old maids and old bachelors to eat me out of house and home. No indeedy. I take only nice young men and pretty girls, and then they all fall in love with each other, and don't eat more'n canary birds."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The Greatest Coal Burner.

Smithson—The newest war-ship consumes not less than fifty tons of coal an hour.

Jinson (with five pretty daughters)—There's only one ship burns more than that.

What's her name?

Courtship.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*